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The Week

IN HIS message recommending extension of the N.R.A. for two years, the President adopted a procedure unusual for him, by not accompanying the recommendation with a bill worked out by the administration. This, in our opinion, means two things: first, that the various factions in the administration were unable to agree as to what should be done, and second, that in a matter where such delicate problems are involved, the President preferred to pass the buck to Congress. His message not only contained no specific program, but threw little light on the subject. He calls the N.R.A. a success, wants the labor provisions retained, admits the existence of abuses, calls for the elimination of "monopolistic practices," but sanctions the self-government of industry to maintain "fair practices" —the very door through which monopoly has entered. He gives no hint as to price and wage policies; he does not touch the crucial problem of getting from industry, company by company and plant by plant, reliable information on costs, prices, output and profits. Without this, nobody can decide whether wages and prices are correctly administered, and no real economic "planning" can even be conceived, to say nothing of the task of putting it into practice.

PERHAPS the most important bill introduced into this session of Congress is Senator Wagner's proposed National Labor Relations Act. This outlaws company-fostered unions, provides that representatives of a majority of the employees in any bargaining unit shall act for all the employees in bargaining, and sets up a National Labor Relations Board with full legal authority, not only to act as a court of appeal from all other governmental labor boards, but on its own initiative to enforce the provisions of the bill, just as the Federal Trade Commission can issue "cease and desist" orders. Senator Wagner introduced a similar bill in the last session of Congress; if it had been passed then, most of the unfortunate vacillations of the administration on labor questions during the past year would have been prevented. The controversy over the automobile settlement would have been definitely decided at the beginning. There would have been a governmental body with a mandate and policy to implement the will of workers for true collective bargaining in other industries. The decision of the National Labor Relations Board in the Jennings case could not have been reversed by the President. The meaning of Section 7a would have been clearly defined, and there would have been a governmental agency to enforce the definition. But the President did not throw his strength behind the bill then. Will he do so now? There is a belief that Senator Wagner coöperated with the administration in its inadequate social-security program in the hope that the President would reciprocate by endorsing this far more important measure. We have little confidence that he will do so.

THE private utilities have employed their usual tactics of using the courts and the Constitution to safeguard their profits and prevent the consumers from getting electric current in larger volume and at lower prices. They have won the first round through the decision of Federal Judge Grubb in

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Alabama. According to Judge Grubb, the federal government has nc right to go into any business, within a state, in competition with private business. It can engage in other things, such as flood control and improvement of navigation; it can generate power for its own use; and if incidentally to these activities it has a surplus of power for sale, it can sell it. But this is not, according to him, what the T.V.A. is doing. Its main purpose, so far as the sale of electricity is concerned, is to compete with private companies. His judgment that this is unconstitutional rests on the old strict constructionist doctrine: all powers not expressly reserved for the central government reside in the states. This is contrary to the trend of decisions for half a century, which have steadily enlarged the scope of the central government—not by frontal attack on the doctrine that Judge Grubb relies upon, but rather by a process of attrition. It is unlikely that he will be sustained in the end. If he is, he and the utilities will merely have proved that the Constitution places the private property of a minority of the citizens above the general welfare.

MR. William Randolph Hearst was subjected to a terrific barrage of criticism by educators assembled for their annual convention in Atlantic City a few days ago. About 1,000 of them, at a special and unofficial gathering, rose and cheered for several minutes when Dr. Charles A. Beard, distinguished historian and social philosopher, described Hearst in words whose force has rarely been equaled within our memory. Said Dr. Beard:

> In the course of the past fifty years I have talked with Presidents of the United States, Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court, Members of the House of Representatives, Governors, mayors, bankers, editors, college presidents (including that great scholar and thinker, Charles W. Eliot), leading men of science, Nobel prize-winners in science and letters, and I have never found one single person who for talents and character commands the respect of the American people, who has not agreed with me that William Randolph Hearst has pandered to depraved tastes and has been an enemy of everything that is noblest and best in our American tradition. . . .
>
> There is not a cesspool of vice and crime that Hearst has not raked and exploited for money-making purposes. No person with intellectual honesty or moral integrity will touch him with a ten-foot pole for any purpose or to gain any end. Unless those who represent American scholarship, science and the right of a free people to discuss public questions freely stand together against his insidious influences he will assassinate them individually by every method known to yellow journalism. Only cowards can be intimidated by Hearst.

This group of educators passed a resolution demanding that the Nye committee should investigate "the propaganda in newspapers, schools, motion pictures and radio, carried forward to increase the fear of war and promote the sale of munitions." The committee was also asked to investigate "any relationship which may exist between the Hearst newspapers, industrial and financial interests, and the spurious anti-Red campaigns now current in the Hearst press." It was pointed out that this campaign is creating high emotional tension and is "threatening to result in strained international relations and even war." Another resolution called for a nationwide organization of teachers, editors and clergymen, to fight for those rights of free speech and a free press that are now menaced in America so seriously and from so many quarters. At the same time, it was announced that a new society is being formed to study education in its social relationships, which will from time to time make recommendations of policy. Our warmest congratulations to the educators; they did a fine day's work.

THE report of the MacCormack-Dickstein Committee that has been investigating "un-American activities" is a curious document. The committee devotes a good deal of space to reports on fascist activities in the United States, and in particular, confirms Major-General Smedley Butler's story that he was asked to head a fascist army whose real purpose was to overthrow the government of the United States, and that the men who asked him to do this were individuals with important Wall Street connections. Curiously enough, the Committee suppresses a good deal of General Butler's testimony, as he is now cheerfully pointing out in a series of radio addresses. The Committee also reports at a good deal of length on various other fascist groups. It has some unkind words to say about the propaganda work of representatives of the German and Italian governments in this country. It then, however, goes on to make a series of recommendations for new legislation, which appear to be aimed almost entirely at curbing the activities of alien revolutionaries of the Marxian school. It sounds almost as though the men who wrote the proposed legislation had not read the report, or had done their work before the Committee's hearings began.

IT IS suggested that all alien revolutionary propagandists ought to be required to register with the government; that the Secretary of Labor should be empowered to expel any or all of them from this country at his or her discretion; and a bill is even in the offing that would extend to the federal area the doctrine of criminal syndicalism that now exists on the statute books of many states, having been put there during the anti-Red hysteria just after the War, a doctrine that is a dead letter in nearly all of them except along the Pacific Coast. These proposals are so stupidly reactionary that it is hard to believe Congress will take them seriously. The proportion of aliens among American revolutionists is so small as to be negligible; the cause would certainly be aided, not hindered, by a policy of repression that began by trying to send the foreigners "back where they came from." As for requiring foreign propagandists to register with the

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Secretary of State, it would be about as valuable as the present statute that requires entering foreigners to swear that they are not anarchists—which is to say, of no value whatever. Finally, it is perfectly sure that if the proposals of the MacCormack Committee were carried out, they would be used not only against genuine revolutionists, but against all opponents of the present regime.

THE effort to curtail civil liberties goes on steadily throughout the country. Connecticut, New Mexico and Arkansas are the latest states to introduce criminal-syndicalism bills in their legislatures. In Knoxville, Tennessee, the League for Industrial Democracy and one of its speakers, Powers Hapgood, have been subjected to such a fierce attack by a witch-hunting local paper that they have announced their intention of filing libel suits; meanwhile this paper has so terrorized the community that the L.I.D. was forbidden the use of any public hall in the city. In Arkansas, where the landlords are determined to bully into silence the tenant farmers and everyone who dares speak for them, the campaign of legal and illegal brutality goes steadily forward. A chief object of attack is Commonwealth College, which has supplied leaders for the tenant farmers, and the obvious attempt of the landowners and their tools in the State Legislature is to spread enough falsehoods about the College to cause it to be put out of business.

IS President Roosevelt in any danger of losing the national election in 1936? A month ago, anyone who said so would have been regarded as an eligible prospect for the nearest insane asylum; but today, the dispatches from Washington are full of speculation of this sort. The chief factor in the new calculations is the amazingly rapid growth of the political influence of Senator Huey Long. It is argued that if he runs for President, as he obviously intends to do, he will probably shatter the Solid South by carrying Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and possibly several other states. It is also argued that President Roosevelt, by his recent actions, has thrown away the support of the Progressives in the Northwest, who may be forced to go to Huey or put up their own ticket. It is not suggested that Long could win the election, but that he might take sufficient strength away from Roosevelt to enable a Republican candidate—not, of course, Mr. Hoover—to win. This is on the theory that no matter how desperately the President might try to placate the conservatives in the Northeast, he could not possibly persuade them really to like him. They remember too well the harsh words he has used about them, and they forget that these harsh words have almost never been backed up by harsh actions. Therefore, if a reasonably strong Republican candidate appeared, who promised "a business man's administration," he would have a good chance of carrying those states that are normally Republican, and with Long dividing the normal Democratic vote, might win. It is too early for such prognostications to be taken seriously; but it is not too early for President Roosevelt to think seriously about the consequences of his present course of action.

EVENTS of the past week in Germany underline in an emphatic manner the picture of economic conditions there that is drawn by Paul Crosser in this issue of The New Republic. A law was decreed last Wednesday by the Reich Cabinet that empowers the Reich Minister of Finance to decree a forced loan on every person in Germany. All personal property not needed for living expenses or the normal maintenance of business relations is forfeit to the nation and may be requisitioned "for the common good" in return for loan certificates. The striking feature of this decree is that it defines neither the total amount to be requisitioned nor the size of the contribution the individual may be called upon to make. In an authoritarian state such matters are decided by the "Führer" and his representatives in the government. The Reich Minister of Finance will no doubt turn his attention first to the great insurance companies and mortgage banks, with their enormous cash reserves. Business banks, industrial and commercial enterprises will follow in short order. Finally, property owned by Germans in foreign countries will be subject to assessment. The law provides severe penalties for German citizens who conceal foreign savings or investments. Nazi agents in financial institutions throughout the world have been gathering the necessary information.

THE German government does not conceal the emergency character of this decree. The money thus confiscated, the law provides, shall be used, first, to finance Germany's job-creation program, blocked at present by a total lack of funds; second, to raise cash for the importation of materials essential to the existence of the nation; third, to finance the production of raw material not available in the Reich at the present time; fourth, to consolidate the short-term debt. Addressing a group of Silesian industrialists in Breslau, Hjalmar Schacht, the father of the plan, admitted that he is finding it difficult, almost impossible, to overcome the obstructions that beset his path. The German people must be made to realize, he declared, that the nation is undergoing a major crisis, that for the next ten years they will have to forgo the comforts of life they enjoyed before the War. Germany must retrench, must coöperate, to safeguard the existence of the next generation. In the mouth of an anti-Nazi such language would be treason. Coming from the president of the Reichsbank, it proves that Nazi Germany is sinking farther and farther into the economic quicksand. Thus taxation of a shrunken national income is used as a substitute for confiscation of the instruments of production themselves and the use of them to increase total income—something that only a genuine socialist government would or could do.

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The Work-Relief Dispute

PRESIDENT Roosevelt threatens to veto the work-relief bill if it passes with the amendment added by the Senate to require payment of prevailing wages. Thus he intends to present to the country an exclusive choice between a public-works program, paid for at less than prevailing wages, and a straight relief measure. He is waiting for Congress to hear the response of the country, believing that this response will force the passage of the bill he favors. We hasten to state our position in answer to this invitation. We are 100 percent against the President. We do not favor either horn of the dilemma he wishes to force upon the country. We want a big public-works program—as big as can be soundly planned—to be constructed by properly qualified labor at not less than prevailing rates of wages. But we do not want to stop there, because every informed person knows that no such program can absorb anywhere near all the employable jobless. We also want a relief appropriation to take care of the unemployed who cannot be absorbed.

What are the arguments on the prevailing-wage issue? The administration points out, first, that if prevailing wages must be paid, not so many men can be employed with a given amount of money. This means that the President cannot carry out the ambitious plan to employ all the "employables" on public works, without appropriating much more than the $4,000,000,000 he wants for this purpose. Second, the administration argues that it does not want to interfere with private employment, upon which we must depend for revival. It does not want to attract men who now have private jobs, and who might shift to public works because of better conditions, though at the same pay. And it wants the men it employs to shift back to private work as soon as opportunities are open. There are cogent answers to these arguments, as follows:

1. It is true that fewer men can be directly employed by the government for a given sum of money, at full time, if prevailing wages are paid. But, if these men have prevailing wages, they will spend more, and there will be more employment in the private industries distributing and producing what they buy. From the point of view of stimulating employment, how the government spends the money is less important than the total amount it spends. Four billion dollars spent to hire 4,000,000 persons would probably create as many jobs throughout the country, within a very short period, as $4,000,000,000 spent to hire 8,000,000 persons.

2. The government could, if it wished, employ as many persons at prevailing wage rates as at less than prevailing rates, simply by employing them part time.

3. The government has never shown that it has a plan for employing all those out of work, and capable of work, on public projects. It is absurd to suppose that it could do so. What will it do with the tailors, the steel-mill workers, the machinists and dozens of other crafts who do not fit into its "non-competitive" activities? A genuine works program, executed by those competent to do the specific jobs in question, would still leave millions to be cared for by relief.

4. If it is true that prevailing wages on public works would attract men from private employment because of softer jobs, the private employers in question would immediately hire other men to take their places. What difference does it make, in reference to the total volume of employment, whether those now unemployed are hired by government or by private industry? The same logic applies to new jobs arising in private industry. Why is it essential that men on public works should be attracted back to private employment, as long as there is a large reservoir of unemployed to be attracted to the private jobs? This argument of the President rests on the old superstition that a man seeking a job creates the job. But it is not true; the number of jobs available is dependent on employers seeking men. Not until there is a job for every employable man and woman would there be serious competition between public and private employment, and that condition is not now in sight, and will not be created by a federal expenditure of $4,000,000,000.

5. Prevailing wages are now low in many occupations; they are hardly enough to support a family. Wages below these levels will be inadequate and will perpetuate the existing undernourishment and poverty for those having public-works jobs. This will be bad for the people concerned; and it will lead to inefficiency in the work to be done.

6. As long as a labor surplus exists, government wages below the levels of similar occupations in private industry will tend to lower private wages. There is now at work, largely under cover, a strong movement to reduce wages, on the basis of the fallacious theory that wages have been set so high under the N.R.A. as to increase industrial costs unduly and thus to delay recovery. The support of the President's plan from capitalist sources is mainly significant as the vanguard of a general wage-reduction movement by employers, which, if it is successful in public works, will begin to eat into wage rates throughout the country and will end by a frontal attack on wages set by union agreement or under N.R.A. codes. Organized labor has correctly sensed this threat, and is fully justified in making a determined stand at this point. If the administration were sincere in its wage-raising program, it would first of all be careful to offer enough jobs to diminish the labor surplus, at not less than prevailing wages, for this would set in motion the forces of demand and supply that would make higher rates possible of achievement.

7. If a huge government construction program is to get into operation quickly and efficiently, it must utilize private contractors. Building organization cannot successfully be improvised. But private con-

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tractors either have agreements with unions on wages or are operating on a non-union basis. It therefore follows that if the government does a good job quickly in its works program, it must either pay prevailing wages or sponsor an anti-union campaign. If, on the other hand, it does not utilize private contractors, the program will be slow in execution and inefficiently performed. The whole business will be botched. Army engineers are capable of supervising a limited number of jobs, the Forest Service can put some men to work directly, and other departments of the government can, as they have done in the past, offer work relief. But this is far from the great program promised by the President, to employ all the employables.

What will be the result, if the bill goes through as the President wants it? We predict that the whole machinery of unemployment relief, bad as it is already, will be thrown into confusion. The jobs that are promised under the new program will not be forthcoming. For months the localities and states will have no basis to judge the extent of their responsibilities. Much of the work that is undertaken by the government will be poorly done. Wages will be pushed down; strikes and labor resentment will be intensified. The President, having made a grand gesture to end "this business of relief," will be obliged to find the money to dole out to millions of unemployed, as before. The only practical measure is a clean-cut program of public works—specific, useful works to be completed in the most efficient way by competent, well paid labor—plus a relief appropriation to take care of those for whom there are no jobs.

Good Neighbor or Rich Relation?

ANOTHER revolution seems impending in Cuba, and once again the question comes to the fore: To what extent is the United States now implicated in, and responsible for, the whole Cuban situation? Early in his administration, President Roosevelt enunciated the principle that our relations with Latin America would in the future be based on the policy of the "good neighbor"; he virtually threw the Monroe Doctrine into the discard, he greatly reduced our interference with Nicaragua and Haiti, and there is no doubt that he enormously increased the good will felt toward the "Colossus of the North" throughout Central and South America and the Caribbean region.

Cuba, however, remains an exception, despite the formal renunciation of the Platt Amendment. The history of our recent relations with that republic reads like a chapter from the blackest records of fifteen years ago. By our current policy of withholding or granting diplomatic recognition, there is no doubt that we have succeeded in overthrowing a regime that was, on the whole, satisfactory to the Cubans themselves, while we have substituted for it one so unpopular that its termination through violence seems only a matter of time.

That the Cuban situation is a difficult one, no one can deny. Its complexity and pressing character are well set forth in "Problems of the New Cuba," recently issued by the Foreign Policy Association of New York, and comprising the report of a group of American experts who recently visited Cuba at the request of the government and surveyed the outstanding problems of the island. While certain parts of this report have been drastically criticized, there is no doubt that on the whole it presents an accurate picture of conditions there. The chief problem in Cuba, like that of so many other places, is poverty. The island is an economic dependency of the United States, equipped to produce far more of its one outstanding crop—sugar—than the world can take. The result is an almost universal condition of economic distress, augmented by the fact that the wealthy American individuals and groups who have been largely responsible for bringing Cuba to her present condition accept no responsibility for trying to ameliorate the situation they have helped to produce.

The Foreign Policy Association report makes a long series of detailed recommendations. It is suggested that a large part of the rural population should be given what would amount to subsistence homesteads, on which they could practise diversified farming. Among the other proposals are a dollar-exchange currency system, a tax to force unused land into production, graduated taxes on sugar for export in order to discourage overproduction, active measures for the improvement of education and health and, in general, a rationally planned economy. In the sphere of the relations between the United States and Cuba, the report urges that we should no longer make diplomatic recognition and moral approval of a government synonymous, that our representatives in Havana should be scrupulously careful to avoid both the reality and the appearance of dictation to the Cubans; and that we should abandon our naval base at Guantanamo.

These are in the main excellent suggestions; and it is with no disrespect to the authors of this report that we ask whether those referring to Cuba's domestic problems do not come too late or too early. Cuba at present is both economically prostrate and politically bankrupt, a condition for which, as we have already suggested, the United States must bear a large part of the blame. Certainly the present government cannot be expected to carry out the proposals of this report when its days are so obviously numbered. What seems most probable for Cuba is either an extremely radical regime or a long period of chaos, or both. In either case, the greatest possible pressure will be brought to bear upon the American government to abandon even the degree of neutrality it is now practising, and to intervene openly and violently on the side of "law and

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order." If we read the lessons of history aright, such intervention in the long run can produce nothing but harm, no matter how tempting it may seem at any given moment. The only good government for a nation is self-government; and the only way to good self-government is through trial and error, involving the possibility of a great deal of bad self-government. We wish we could believe that Washington understood this principle; but the signs that it does so are discouragingly few.

Beware the Medicine Men

ACCORDING to reports, the patent-medicine makers' lobby at Washington is massing its forces for a sudden midnight sortie on Senator Copeland's pure food and drug bill. The medicine makers' plan is to add amendments to the bill that will make enforcement impossible. Should consumers' groups discover these amendments and protest against them, the medicine makers plan to create a deadlock that will keep the bill indefinitely in committee.

In its present, unamended form, the bill is similar to that introduced by Senator Copeland in last year's Congress, but with one important omission. In the food section of the present bill, there is no provision for the grading of canned goods according to quality. The fight for quality grading is, however, still continuing in the N.R.A., where the Canning Code has been awaiting revision for many months.

In other ways, the Copeland bill is far from adequate, though it does do one important thing. It gives the Federal Food and Drug Administration power to punish false or misleading patent-medicine advertising—mouthwashes from being advertised as germicides, and laxatives as cures for tuberculosis and cancer. Millions of dollars' worth of this advertising is printed annually by newspapers and magazines, and spoken over the radio. Its victims are seldom the well-to-do, who can afford to consult a physician regularly. The profits of the medicine makers come from the poorest, most ignorant, most helpless section of society. A year ago, the Food and Drug Administration arranged an exhibit, nicknamed the "chamber of horrors," to illustrate the need for the Copeland bill. It contained sheaves of death certificates, nearly all those of miserably poor people who, with pathetic faith, had dosed themselves with patent remedies while their real diseases went uncared for.

Last year the medicine manufacturers made an open, mass attack on the Copeland bill. They declared that its advertising provisions foreshadowed government control of private business, the "sovietizing of America" and the enslavement of the press. They forced advertising associations and publishers to echo their accusations. Under cover of this barrage, their lobbyists cynically manipulated enough votes in Congress to defeat the bill.

This year they have lost their belligerent self-assurance. There is little talk about the Red menace and the freedom of the press. Instead, with a burst of pretended virtue, they have drafted a measure of their own, introduced by Representative Mead of New York, in which false advertising is prohibited. The concealed joker in the bill, however, is a section giving jurisdiction over advertising not to the Secretary of Agriculture, as in the Copeland bill, but to the Federal Trade Commission.

If the medicine makers can obtain this shift of jurisdiction to the Federal Trade Commission, they will feel reasonably safe, although they would prefer no legislation at all. The Federal Trade Commission already has authority over advertising in general, and has, on several occasions, attempted to prosecute medicine manufacturers. Each time it has either lost, or obtained an empty victory. Because of the cumbersomeness of the Federal Trade Commission's procedure and the precedents already established by the courts, patent-medicine attorneys now believe they can beat any case brought by it against their clients, no matter how vicious the advertising at issue might be.

A group of medicine manufacturers is sponsoring a second measure, introduced in Congress by Senator McCarran. This bill, while leaving jurisdiction over advertising with the Secretary of Agriculture, hedges his powers about with such restrictions that an agile manufacturer, by slightly altering the formula for his product, could avoid punishment almost indefinitely.

A few days ago, Senator Copeland appointed a subcommittee of three, headed by Senator Clark of Missouri, to hold further hearings on his own bill. It is widely prophesied that the patent-medicine lobby will attempt to have the provisions of the Mead bill, transferring jurisdiction to the Federal Trade Commission, quietly incorporated in the Copeland bill. Certain provisions of the McCarran bill may also be offered as amendments. The patent-medicine lobbyists will then wage a defensive fight to retain these amendments, prolonging the fight if possible until the bill finally dies in committee.

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Whirlwind Over London

Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal

THE FORTUNES of the British National Government in the last months make one of the oldest stories in contemporary history. One knows all about it, save how it will end. But even that statement, cautious as it is, is questionable. For as one watches this government on its sickbed one doubts its capacity to make an end. One cannot say that it lives, but has it the vitality to die?

Three and a half years ago, after the panic election of 1931, Mr. MacDonald saw himself the head of an all but totalitarian state. The opposition in Parliament numbered less than ten percent. Today, though the more orthodox Liberals have deserted the government, and the rebel Tory Die-Hards vote on occasion against it, it still has a majority so overwhelming that one rarely troubles to look at the figures of a division. The fact is, none the less, that its moral authority is gone. It suffers defeat at by-elections even in places that always had returned a Tory since first votes were recorded. No one doubts that the Labor Party at the next general election will win at least two hundred seats. The law allows Mr. MacDonald, if he cares to use his rights, another year and a half of fumbling omnipotence. His ministry performs all the normal functions of a Conservative government. It reduces the taxation of the rich; it lowers the pitiable incomes of the poor; it coerces Indians; it quarrels with the Irish; it builds new fleets of bombing airplanes. What, then, is amiss? Why would no prudent financier insure its life for another four months?

The chief of several reasons is certainly Mr. Lloyd George. After finishing the memoirs on which he had been engaged for several years, he emerged from his retirement last month and suddenly everything was changed. Time has not aged him: he is as witty as before; but, above all, he swept into the dead atmosphere that Mr. MacDonald had made around himself with the staggering suggestion that human effort can alter a nation's destiny. He talked of doing things, a large number of things, with Rooseveltian rapidity and on a colossal scale. He had the daring to imagine an England whirling, of its own choice, through a series of quite perceptible changes. The result was startling. Always Mr. Lloyd George interests this nation. He ranks only a little after Mr. Bernard Shaw among the licensed entertainers who enliven its habitual lethargy. It smiles, applauds and sends him back to his farm. But on this occasion its reaction was unusual. It really believes that it would like to see this Celtic whirlwind at work in Downing Street. Mr. MacDonald has bored it so unspeakably that it would welcome Mr. Lloyd George in his place. The singular part of it is, that it was not Labor that hailed him as a savior, but the Tories.

This was the effect that Mr. Lloyd George intended to produce, when he opened his campaign at Bangor. But it was not at all what he had intended a week before that speech was delivered. The ally he then sought was the Labor Party. He reckoned that the general election will come about October. He foresaw that Labor will emerge from it with something over 250 members, but with less than the figure (308) required for an absolute majority. If, then, he could rally round his own person a group of the more progressive Liberals and Tories, were it only forty strong, he could put the Labor Party in power and carry out with its aid a program of action. What Mr. Lloyd George suggested was no very great thing. In certain constituencies, say thirty, which it has no hope of carrying, would Labor withdraw its candidates, so that his own supporters might fight with some chance of success? One infers that this request met with no favor. What the decisive reason was, one can readily conjecture.

Any coalition with a capitalist group would split the Labor Party fatally and forever, for it now includes a large section that really does intend to realize socialism and will accept no other objective. But there were, doubtless, other reasons. One may admire Mr. Lloyd George, but who would trust him as an ally? Some ask whether the Labor leaders really do aspire to power and victory. Some may suspect that Mr. Lloyd George's brilliance is a disqualification. Labor has no luminary who would be visible in his neighborhood. It may be mistaken when it fears Mr. Lloyd George's relative moderation. For it is probable that if once he began to address Socialist meetings, he would soon acquire their outlook and adopt their tone. Within six months, if he sat in a Labor Cabinet, he would be leading the extreme left. The thing, however, is done, and done irreparably.

After this false start, the whirlwind shifted its course, promptly and without sentimental regrets. At Bangor it blew to the right, though the gale still registered a high mileage per hour. The speech was a call to action, but it was addressed, not to the workers, but to the Tory and patriot middle class, that has had a surfeit of Conservative inertia. There were none of the attacks on property and privilege in which Mr. Lloyd George ran riot in

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his youth. He said nothing about nationalizing land, the favorite theme of his militant later period. He did not even say plainly that he will socialize the Bank of England, though he means to depose its autocrat, Mr. Montagu Norman. He is out primarily for a policy of expansion: he wants a big development loan, with which to build incredible numbers of houses and reconstruct innumerable roads. He aims at putting a million of the unemployed back upon the land. It is all to be done at an American tempo, with a dictatorial group of experts to do the planning, and a dynamic Cabinet, of less than a quarter of the usual numbers, to speed on the race to prosperity.

The response was instantaneous and enthusiastic. Wearied of the platitudes and ambiguities of Mr. MacDonald's oratory, and of the petty scale on which his ministry plans inaction, the Tory press was even more vociferous than the Liberals in begging Mr. Lloyd George to step in and take command. He wanted a non-party government: why wait, then, for an election? If Mr. MacDonald was in the way, would he hesitate to sacrifice his patriotic person, when the nation called for another leader? Presently even the staid Times was talking of the necessity for a reconstruction of the National Government. But it was soon known that the Premier is not the only obstacle. With Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman in the room, no whirlwind could blow freely. The latter has few devoted admirers, but the former is a power. Stiff, strong-willed, insensitive, unimaginative, the pattern of financial orthodoxy, he is the trusted head of the duller men of property who constitute the central mass of the Tory Party. But no one could deny the hopeless incompatibility of temper that these names suggested. Mr. Lloyd George radiates positive electricity: these three are negative. No expansion is conceivable in their neighborhood.

At this point three things happened that might have doomed any ministry. At the Wavertree by-election the Tory right wing broke into open rebellion over India and made a present of the seat to Labor. Whether the ten thousand persons who voted for the younger Churchill really know or care much about India may be doubted, but they certainly meant to protest against the leadership of Mr. MacDonald. Their numbers startled the Tory machine, which had reckoned on something round about five thousand. A government in England may lose many by-elections and still survive, but to be defeated by its own natural followers is usually fatal.

The next episode was incomparably worse. Among the few positive things it has done, this government has reformed the whole system of relief and insurance for the unemployed by taking it, as it boasted, "out of politics." A board was set up, which is supposed to be independent of the ministry. It drew up new scales of relief for workers who have exhausted their benefits under the insurance scheme, and new rules for the working of the hated Means Test, which makes relatives responsible for the maintenance of an unemployed man. The assurance was given that the new scales and the new rules would end the caprices of the old system, and that they would mean on the average an appreciably more generous level of assistance. Hardly had they come into force when a massive wave of indignation swept the unemployed, and with them the whole body of the workers, into formidable demonstrations of protest, and that without organization or suggestion. A more spontaneous rush of anger has rarely seized the working class.

The startling thing about it was, however, that when the new scales were debated in the Commons it was Tory members who made the most effective exposure of the new system, which so far from raising the level of relief effected savage and almost incredible reductions. This was no proof of laxity in the past, for the cuts were actually most drastic in the "derelict area" of the Durham coal-field, where the ministry long ago swept aside a sympathetic local authority with a Socialist majority, and put in an official of its own choice to administer relief.

For a few days the government tried to defend itself against the general revolt, and then with a suddenness and completeness without parallel in recent memory, it capitulated. The new scales and the new rules were withdrawn: all the cuts were restored and that retrospectively, while the most handsome promises were made for the future. But it seemed that the whole governmental machine was disorganized, for many days went by before the local officials received the new instructions and the worst riots occurred after the ministry had climbed down. It was now known that the board was not to blame, or was blameworthy only by reason of weakness. It had in fact drafted a fairly generous scheme, but the government had imposed the most drastic reductions, which it now lacked the courage to defend. Mr. MacDonald's chief claim to the confidence of property was that he cut the "dole" in 1931: on this second occasion he served his master with too much zeal. Even The Times was ungrateful, and wrote of him with a touch of contempt. Finally, amid these misfortunes, the totals of unemployment suddenly leapt up for the month of January by a quarter of a million—roughly 12 percent—and only part of this increase is seasonal. Inaction, it seems, is not an infallible prescription for recovery.

The government, none the less, remains in the saddle, though its seat lacks dignity. An early appeal to the country would be an act of suicide, nor can it in honor dissolve Parliament until it has carried the Indian Constitution. The only immediate course open to it is therefore reconstruction. This operation is difficult because it must begin at the top. Mr. MacDonald has, so far as one can

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gather, only two loyal supporters, but they occupy positions of considerable strategical strength. This unusual man enjoys the confidence of the King, and Mr. Baldwin is bound to him by a pledge of loyalty given when the National Government was formed. He has, moreover, one weapon of some value—the power at his own discretion to dissolve Parliament. He could not better his own case by using it, but he could avenge himself upon his critics by sending hundreds of them back into the obscurity of private life. It is this fear that they will lose their seats that renders them so solicitous for the unemployed.

Again, Mr. MacDonald can reckon on one happy interlude that may help him. In May the King celebrates his jubilee. It will be a month of pageants and lavish expenditure: some of it will even trickle down to the unemployed. Knighthoods and honors will descend like refreshing rain, but not upon rebels. The electorate will swim in a golden atmosphere of national complacency. Dare Mr. MacDonald risk a royal and imperial election before the glow has faded from the skies? He is an inert statesman, but an alert tactician, and he might contrive this ingenious stroke. His safety lies in the fact that few of the stolider Tories would depose him to make Mr. Lloyd George their leader. That program of his smells of high taxes.

Various suggestions are current. Might not Mr. MacDonald, whose absorbing interest is foreign affairs, consent to step down from his uncomfortable eminence and find shelter in the Foreign Office? Unfortunately, Sir John Simon is equally convinced that his own talents are best employed in this particular place. Few would grudge Mr. Lloyd George a seat from which he could make brilliant speeches to annihilate the Labor opposition, but he is bent on action, and after one painful experience does not propose to be stifled by Tory colleagues who can stand up to a gale from the Welsh mountains.

The rebels, then, cannot depose Mr. MacDonald without upsetting Mr. Baldwin also. But if they do that, the only alternative Tory leader is Mr. Chamberlain, and he, with his hand on the purse, would cramp the freedom of Mr. Lloyd George's motions. Plainly reconstruction is difficult, and if it comes, it may leave Mr. Lloyd George stranded, without a party, between two mightier hosts. The Tory Party, when it does succeed in dropping Mr. MacDonald, may prefer to be itself. There is something to be said, as The Times puts it in discussing the National Government's future, in favor of "a duller and more coherent body." That is a sound Anglo-Saxon sentiment. But if, as The Times supposes, the country demands dullness in its leaders, it is possible that the Labor Party may prove the stronger competitor.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Homage to Robert Herrick

A FEW WEEKS ago, in his daily department in The New York Times, John Chamberlain remarked that the decade which "yawned abysmally" between "Sister Carrie" and "Ethan Frome," the first decade of the century, was one of the dreariest in American literature; and he went on to raise the question whether, after one has mentioned "The House of Mirth" and "The Jungle," there is a scrap of imaginative writing in that decade that anyone would feel like rereading now. John Chamberlain knows those years, of course, as few of the younger writers know them, and he is not given to highly colored generalizations. It means something that a journalist usually so careful should have nothing to say of three books, "The Common Lot," "The Memoirs of an American Citizen" and "Together," which appeared between 1904 and 1908, which are three of the most impressive novels in our literature, and which, it seems highly probable, will be read with deep respect when "The House of Mirth" is an elderly reader's memory and "The Jungle" a valued but reservedly estimated document.

If the literary life in America were not mainly a scramble, desperate on the one hand and vulgar on the other; if it had something of the continuity, the integrity and the adulthood that, in spite of corruption and inanition, it still tends to have in Europe, it would not be necessary to add that these novels are the work of a writer named Robert Herrick. Nor would it at this date be necessary, as it may be, to say that Mr. Herrick's has been the most humane, the most capacious and the most truly critical mind at work in American fiction since Howells and Norris; that his novels, if we have the wisdom to let them, constitute for us a body of writing no less educative, and in most ways far finer and firmer in quality, than the novels of Wells and Galsworthy for English readers; that they are, at the very least, an indispensable bridge between "A Traveler from Altruria" and "To Make My Bread."

It was in a review of "The Smart Set Anthology," as it happens, that Mr. Chamberlain made the observation I have quoted, and the circumstance is strikingly ironic. It is very well to say that "the air rushed long and pleasantly into the American literary vacuum" when Mencken and Nathan took over the editorship of The Smart Set, but the completeness of that vacuum is really debatable, and certainly the freshness and the salubrity of *all* the air that rushed in are hardly so evident today as this assumes. The legend of the wonders worked

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by the Wilsonian literary generation is wearing thinner and thinner; it is harder and harder to swallow some of the pious frauds that, along with many services, it perpetrated. At any rate, while the Lessings of that decade were smacking their lips over the adulterated Cabellian bonbons, advertising to responsive readers the brilliant red make-up of Hergesheimer's art and seeing the lineaments of a Flaubert in the bright but shallow satirical talent of Sinclair Lewis, they were allowing a truly distinguished literary career to evolve behind their backs; and a younger generation has them to thank for the results that inevitably follow when literary and human values are badly shuffled. Fortunately, a younger generation no longer takes its values from these sources, or even from the intellectual cellars of the twenties, and perhaps several young writers appreciated the symbolism of the incident when, writing some months ago in The New Republic, Herrick held out a cordial hand to his juniors by so many years, the proletarian novelists.

If, as seems possible, his name meant less to some of them than it ought to have meant, this was partly because many of their elders had been essentially irresponsible, and partly because they themselves may not unnaturally have got the impression at second hand that Herrick is a rather typical reformist writer of the muckraking generation. This he certainly is not. His earlier books betray their origins in the age of the Big Stick, to be sure, but they have none of the real earmarks of novelistic trust-busting; none of the ingenuous idealism or the misdirected indignation, the absorption in incidentals or the thinness in ideas, that together with some unmistakable merits come to one's mind when one thinks of "A Certain Rich Man," "The Thirteenth District" and all that genus.

Robert Herrick is certainly not a proletarian novelist or a Marxist writer in any strict sense whatever; but he has never been a literary "progressive"; he has never been in the camp of the political or ethical liberals. On the contrary, his studious and inclusive chronicle of American society in his time has been solidified, tempered and edged by an inherently radical criticism of its ascendant morality; a criticism in whose dry light liberalism appears in very much its true proportions. The unity of Herrick's fiction, in short, is his severe and cumulative remonstrance against our inherited individualism: the drift of all his work is set by his conviction, illustrated with almost Balzacian fullness, that "egotism is the pestilence of our day." What Hawthorne instinctively and rather indolently felt in his time, what Howells and Bellamy saw more clearly but still imperfectly in theirs, Herrick has felt and seen sharply, consistently and from many angles in the twentieth century. He has thus done as much as any man to raise to the upper and open levels a strain that has run obscurely and as it were unconsciously through American literature for several generations.

His work, in other words, is in the cultural and historical center. He derives directly from his immediate predecessors, and carries the tale to a point at which young writers are taking it up without break or strain. Herrick's instalment of the tale has been the history of the American people, chiefly those of the middle and prosperous classes, in the period roughly from the hard times of the seventies to the present crisis, though his special assignment has been the years between the panic of 1893 and the Armistice; and he has made his report dryly, unsparingly and about as revealingly as possible. It is a report in which there have been no romantic quests, no fine old furniture, no drums and tramplings, and comparatively little interesting degeneracy, elegant ennui or inner monologism; a report mainly made up of such matters as the packing industry, suburban real estate, trust funds, hotel and apartment-house building, the exploitation of power sites, university "expansion," medical and legal chicanery and unsuccessful marriages.

On the whole, it has been an unlovely, unexhilarating and increasingly somber report. It has been shadowed from beginning to end by what Herrick calls "the individualistic nightmare." It has been the picture of a society driven and disunified by the lust for power, which it calls "honorable ambition"; by greedy acquisitiveness, which it calls "enterprise" and "initiative"; by the cult of moneyed success, which it calls "useful achievement"; and, especially among its women and its artists, by various more or less refined forms of egotism, which it calls "self-expression," "self-development," "leading one's own life" and the like. There have been lights and shades in the picture naturally, for it has been a true if of course limited one; but the main outlines have not been charming.

They have composed, however, an intelligible whole, and that is perhaps Herrick's truest distinction. Unlike even the bravest and most serious of his contemporaries, he has not wabbled or backed water in his estimate of the leading moral forces in American life. His work has perhaps not had the magnetically youthful vehemence of Norris's or Jack London's; the ungainly but coercive tenderness with which Carrie Meeber and Clyde Griffiths are made real, is no part of his effect; and he would probably never have caught the general imagination with a comic portrait so vivacious as George F. Babbitt's. But Herrick has seen steadily what those other writers saw early or late or only by fits and starts. To Frank Norris, there was something disarmingly poetic even in obsessive greed; Jack London was a revolutionary socialist, a superpatriot, a hater of injustice and a worshiper of the Nordic hero; Dreiser could not repress his admiration for his cheaply successful and coarse-natured Cowperwood; and, even in the portrait of Babbitt, Lewis betrayed his sympathy and spiritual kinship, on one side, with the American business man.

Robert Herrick has been emotionally less versatile, if you will, than these writers, but his fiction

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has been the gainer in integrity. He has had but one attitude toward material aggression on the part of "strong" individuals, and that is that it is inherently mean, brutal, degrading, wasteful of everything good and in the long run utterly destructive. Its only result when it is made a social principle, he argues, is the squalor that, palliate it as one may, defaces American life so largely under the profit system. There is a real variety in his portraits of business men, and none of them is represented as a monster: they range from the generous if pragmatic John Lane of "Together" to the pompous Aleck Gerson of "Waste," from the unpretentious but insensitive Van Harrington of "The Memoirs" to the bestially greedy and dishonest contractor, Graves, of "The Common Lot"; but not one of them is invested with a moment's glamor; not one of them is seen as the Titan he would like to consider himself; not one of them is endowed with disinterestedness or imagination or real self-forgetfulness; they are a dull and covetous lot, and one's memory retches at last with the burden of them.

I hasten to say that they are not darkly and sensationally isolated as the Grandets or the Jonas Chuzzlewits of Herrick's comédie. When he says that egotism is the pestilence of our day, he means it more comprehensively than this; he means it of most modern men and women, especially in the unexploited classes. He is not the kind of writer who encourages complacency in the heart of the middle-class woman or the professional man or the intellectual. On the contrary, he holds the typical American woman of the well-to-do classes as largely responsible in her way for the feverish, the squalid materialism of our culture; according to him, her own vanities and sensualities have contributed to build it up; and his attitude toward the conceit of emancipation, of individual expansion, on the part of such women as Isabelle Lane in "Together" and Cynthia Walton in "Waste" is one of mingled compassion and contempt. For the professional, the technician, the teacher, the physician, as such, Herrick seems to have instinctive respect; but from his study of the medical profession in "The Web of Life" to his study of the American university in "Chimes," he has repeatedly shown how often such men, too, in a world governed by money standards, succumb to the general mania or compromise somehow with it, and prostitute their technique or their learning to the passion for worldly success. As for writers and artists in such a world, he may be open to the charge of exaggerating the prevalence among them of vanity, parasitism and flaccidity; but I doubt it.

At any rate, it would be clumsy to speak of Robert Herrick's work and leave the impression that, if he is a critical and somber writer, he is a cynical or simply negative one. If he had taken a consistently low and fatalistic view of human beings, if he had seen nothing but squalor in their destiny, his novels would have been far more fashionable in the last two decades than they have been. But unlike so many of his European and American contemporaries, he has not been a romantic ironist, a corrupt skeptic or an idolater of Not-being. The *fond* of his work has been deeply humane and positive, and the sooty colors that prevail in his compositions have never monopolized them. He has heartily disliked and even detested the qualities in human beings that he has seen most conspicuous and triumphant about him; he has shown how the worship of property debases everyone who subscribes to it; but he has always lingered on the exceptions. What he has admired in human beings has not been success or brilliance, but certain unindividualistic virtues: unaffected humility, the love of a task for its own sake, homely incorruptibility, freedom from self-absorption, and the sense of solidarity with a family, a profession or a class; and these he seems to have found as a rule among those whom, without the least touch of condescension, he calls "little people"—hard-working farmers like Thornton's aunt and uncle in "Waste," small-town blacksmiths like Sol Short in "Together," or such workers as the bookbinder Hussey in "The Common Lot" and the stone-mason Tom Clark in "Clark's Field." These are the unsuccessful people you hear about, he seems to say; well, look here upon this picture, and on this!

It is true, as I say, that Herrick is no Marxian; and if his fiction fails to emerge quite free from among the circumstances of his generation, it is mainly because his own positive philosophy is a kind of idealistic anarchism—probably native and even Yankee in its origins—which, after his exposure of decadent individualism, seems both paradoxical and anti-climactic. Certainly it is no longer possible to take just the view Herrick takes of the relations between the individual and society, and to this extent his picture of the times seems now an unhappily biased one. But in one vital respect his sense of human affairs is closer to the feeling of the youngest writers than is that of the intervening generation; I mean, in his strong conviction that men can change the world they live in, and that plasticity is the secret of their own nature. The phrase, "human nature being what it is," he quotes and repeats with derision in his latest book, "Sometime," as an expression of the vulgarest superstition to which the civilization of our age is a victim. No one of his characters seems to speak more directly for Herrick himself than the physician Renault in "Together"; it is Renault who says: "Life is plastic—human beings are plastic—that is one important thing to remember!" and a sense of the infinite undeveloped possibilities in that human nature which the vulgarians say is unchangeable is the real grain, for those who care to see it, of his superficially grayish fiction. He harks back, in this respect, to Emerson and Whitman; but he looks forward, too, to Dos Passos and Grace Lumpkin; and thus does much to redeem that first decade from the charge of barrenness brought against it. NEWTON ARVIN.

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The Mystery of Nazi Economics

DESPITE the self-sufficiency slogans so widely used in the Third Reich for propaganda purposes, foreign-trade relations are still a basic foundation of German economy. Before 1914, Germany's foreign-trade balance was unfavorable, but the deficit was covered by the income from German investments and by payments for the services of the German commercial fleet. As a result of the War, the investments in foreign countries and a great part of the commercial fleet were lost. During the first years after the War the inflation in Germany resulted in stimulating exports. After the stabilization of the mark at the end of 1923, Germany's foreign-trade balance was adverse, with a single exception, the year 1926. The deficiency in these years was compensated, however, by the foreign loans pouring into Germany. But in 1929, this foreign-loan flood ceased and Germany became anxious to achieve an export surplus. This task was complicated by the fact that the trade of the world as a whole was falling, as a result of the international crisis. Nevertheless, Germany accomplished what she had set out to do, maintaining a favorable balance for the three years beginning with 1930.

The German export surplus, it will be remembered, reached 2,872,000,000 marks in 1931, decreased to 1,072,000,000 in 1932, and to 667,000,000 marks in 1933. In 1934 the German trade balance became unfavorable by about 300,000,000 marks, following a decrease of the total exports from 4,204,000,000 marks in 1933 to about 3,500,000,000 in 1934, despite the fact that the world-trade turnover held about the same level in the latter year as it did in the former. Moreover, even these diminished exports were made possible only through government subsidy, given in the form of "blocked marks," which could be bought in Germany at an average of 50 percent below par. About 500,000,000 marks were used in Germany in 1934 for export subsidies. Obviously that was not enough to meet the devaluationary and inflationary policies of Germany's competitors in the world market. At the same time the boycott facilitated the economic fight against Germany. The losses in exports and the curtailment of subsidy funds resulted in a great restriction on imports.

Gold and the Balance of Trade.—Furthermore, the gold reserve of the Reichsbank declined from 380,329,000 marks in January, 1934, to 79,122,000 marks in January, 1935, and reached the low level of two percent of the money in circulation. The foreign-trade balance then became the only source for payments of foreign debts. Although the amount of Germany's foreign debts decreased by 4,000,000,000 marks, owing to the devaluation of the pound and the dollar, 13,000,000,000 still remained to be paid. On this amount the amortization and interest charges are 1,100,000,000 marks a year. In spite of the unfavorable trade balance as a whole, balances with most of the European countries—as England, France, Holland, Sweden and Switzerland—were still in favor of Germany. This enabled the Germans to conclude reciprocal trade agreements with these countries, promising to pay interest on loans from the export surpluses. However, where the United States was concerned, the situation became most critical. The German balance, in this instance, was and remained unfavorable despite the decrease of German imports from the United States. Thus there was no possibility of Germany's obtaining a reciprocal agreement such as had been negotiated with the European countries. A subsequent proposal to exchange goods was recently rejected by President Roosevelt as violating the dumping laws. A similar agreement reached between Germany and British South Africa faces difficulties in the sale of German goods in South Africa.

A Survey of Finances.—The internal German indebtedness amounted to 90,000,000,000 marks at the end of 1934, exceeding by about five percent that of pre-Hitler times. The increase in the indebtedness is due to governmental spending on projects of made-work, which are financed by notes and bonds whose security is maintained by governmental promises to repay out of future national income. These notes are placed in the portfolio of the Reichsbank and that of the Ministry of Finance; the Reichsbank holds about 6,000,000,000 marks of them. The private banks, however, have not loosened credit during this period. Their activity, directed by the Reichsbank, concerned only conversion of short-time into long-time loans, reduction of interest rates and grants of moratoria.

The visible and invisible budget deficit reached about 4,000,000,000 marks in 1934, that is, half of the whole Reich tax-revenue levy for a year. The reported increases in the tax revenue are due to severer tax-levy rulings in the case of the income tax, and to the increase of prices, in the case of the sales tax. Official reports of increased revenues, however, concern only federal (Reich) taxes, which in previous years yielded about 70 percent of the whole tax revenues. The revenues of the German states (Prussia, Bavaria, etc.) and communities, levied for the most part on real estate, show a decrease in 1934 as compared with previous years. In order to paint a brighter picture of the cheerfulness of the taxpayers, Nazi propagandists

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add to the figures of the Reich revenues the dues paid to social-insurance institutions, although these have never been regarded as fiscal sources. The actual total tax revenue of 1934 is about 30 percent under that of the years before the depression.

Major Industries.—Revival of industry followed government spending step by step. The manufacture of producers' goods, including armaments, shows the greatest gains. Road building, partly for strategic purposes, follows. The increase in production of consumers' goods, such as textiles, was comparatively small. With the decrease in the importation of raw materials, production of goods in this category has declined still further. Heavy industry, however, has maintained its former level of production, since the greater part of the reduced importations are allotted to it.

A significant increase in production in the iron industry is illustrated by the following figures:

Year	Production in 1,000 Tons	Percentage of Capacity Used Working Places	Working Hours
1931	505	54.5	44.8
1932	328	44.8	35
1933	439	50.9	42.8
April, 1934	697	64.1	60
July, 1934	767	68.3	63.6

The total dividends of all German companies in 1933 were about 500,000,000 marks, an amount equal to that for 1932. Among the few manufacturers whose profits were greater than they were before Hitler came to power was the Krupp armament plant. This concern, which had run at a loss in the years immediately preceding Hitler's rise, now announces its ability to pay six-percent dividends. The shortage in raw materials threatens many industries with losses in the future.

Substitutes for Raw Materials.—The ability to produce these substitutes is problematical. Substitutes for cotton and oil have been found; but those for cotton (Vistra) and synthetic oil are certainly not equal in quality to the original product. The production of these two important substitutes for the imported raw materials is possible only through large investments of capital. Even assuming that all the plans for producing substitutes will materialize in the next five years, Germany will not be able to produce more than 25 percent of the Vistra and, at the most, 50 percent of the synthetic oil she needs. At least 50 percent of the metals and 50 percent of the leather Germany needs have to be imported. The raw-material supply remains the most vital problem of the whole German economy. Were Germany actually to make herself self-sufficient, she would have to cut her production capacity squarely in half.

The problem, however, is also a problem of distribution. Who will be able to buy these goods produced at such tremendous costs? The prices of the produced substitutes will, according to the increased costs of production, have to be much higher than the prices of the original materials. The purchasing power of the German population is so low that it is almost impossible to expect the masses to buy dearer substitutes instead of cheaper and better originals, unless forced to do so.

Agricultural Problems.—In agriculture, the Nazi high-tariff system did not result in a closing of the price scissors between industrial and agricultural goods on the internal German market. Quantitatively, the import of agricultural goods hardly decreased in 1934. The increase in agricultural production in Germany was very slight. The problem of the indebtedness of the German peasantry, an indebtedness amounting to 12,000,000,000 marks, was not solved. To keep the hundreds of thousands of farmers from ruin, the government granted a moratorium. But at the same time, the Nazi Agricultural Minister issued a regulation forbidding the sale of farms, thus keeping the peasantry on their encumbered lands.

Concerning trade, it should be said that the exporters suffered very severe losses on account of the shrinking foreign commerce. In retail trade, the department stores survived, with few exceptions, despite the political campaign directed against them. The extraordinary increase of purchases made in the furniture stores and electrical-supply stores are a direct result of the loans given to the young married couples by the government. These increases are the only gains for the middle-class shopkeepers, really the former stronghold of the Nazi Party. The Jewish shopkeepers of course did not participate in these gains as they are not entitled to sell goods to young married couples whose purchases are paid through governmental loans.

Purchases of other commodities increased only the same percentage as the increase in prices. The increased production during the Hitler administration resulted mainly in surplus stocks for which the population has no purchasing power. How low the purchasing power of the mass of population has become, is indicated by the fact that 16,600,000 people had to receive additional relief during the winter of 1933-34. The number is substantially larger this winter.

Hitler and Unemployment.—Nevertheless Nazi economists would have us believe that employment conditions in Nazi Germany are not far from normal. For the first half of 1934, the current German statistics give us the figure of 2,500,000 as unemployed. However, to this number we must add another 2,500,000 who are out of work, but are not so listed in the current statistics—mostly youths under twenty-five years of age. Therefore, there were actually 5,000,000 unemployed during the middle of 1934. When Hitler came into power at the beginning of 1933, Germany had about 7,000,000 unemployed. Under what conditions did these 2,000,000 workers receive employment?

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German statistics tell us that an additional 800,000 received employment on farms and construction of roads. Some 200,000 farm hands get only their board and lodging. Road workers get only 2½ marks a week. Approximately 1,200,000 wage earners have obtained jobs in German industry since Hitler's rise, about half of them in the building line. They earn as much as they received from the government's relief organization. Statistics show that the total wage and salary income increased by 350,000,000 marks in 1933 as compared with 1932, which just equals the sum saved by the unemployment-insurance fund.

During the winter of 1934, 500,000 of the additionally employed had already lost their jobs, thus decreasing the employment in this category to 1,500,000. The losses in employment of the winter 1934-35 are higher than the average seasonal ones and are mainly due to the decrease in production of consumers' goods, particularly textiles, resulting from the shortage of the supply of raw materials. The real total of unemployed at the present time amounts to 5,500,000. If members of the families of these unemployed are also included, the total is swelled to a third of the German population.

The Falling German Income.—The real income of all German wage earners has been reduced, since prices for commodities have risen. From September, 1933, to September, 1934, potatoes increased in price 53.2 percent; meat increased 6.1 percent; clothing 45 percent. In spite of price restrictions, the prices will doubtless continue to rise, as this increase is the result of a twofold fear. First, the consumers have no confidence in the stability of the mark and therefore increase the demand; second, the manufacturers expect that the shortage of raw materials will cause a shortage in the supply and decrease delivery of the orders. The newly appointed price commissioner will not be able to stabilize or lower the prices for any length of time.

It is significant that the standard of consumption used for official statistical purposes since 1925, was changed in October, 1934. Before this change, the workman's standard budget enabled him to consume 40 kilograms of bread a month; under the new budget this has been reduced to 30. Similarly, 1.0 kilogram of lamb has been reduced to .2 kilograms, 1.83 kilograms of oats and barley to .5 kilograms, and 1.0 kilogram of cocoa to .5 kilograms. According to the new average budget, a workman who formerly bought one suit of clothes a year will now be able to buy only one every two years, while his wife will have to be content with a rayon dress instead of a woolen one.

This reduced workman's standard of family consumption has already been used as a basis for adjusting nominal wages. The middle-class business men, the craftsmen and the peasants will have to cut their own consumption budgets, with the rapid lowering of the purchasing power of the masses of the industrial population. The only gainers, as the past two years of Hitler's regime have already shown us, will be the manufacturers of armaments. They will not have to suffer losses because of a shortage of raw materials, as the import policy of the government favors the importation of raw materials needed for military purposes, at the expense of those needed in the production of consumers' goods. The strengthening of Germany's military forces is the actual basis of the Nazi economic policy.

PAUL CROSSER.

Retreat from Russia

THE COLLAPSE of negotiations for a trade treaty with Russia is a calamity. Since the downfall of the Tsars, a curious spontaneous friendship has existed between Russia and a large section of the American people. American tourists have flocked to Moscow; Russian movies and exhibits sent to this country have aroused warm interest. On their side, the Russians have admired the United States more than any other capitalist nation.

This friendship is now threatened. It has been largely based on a common appreciation of the machine and its potentiality for raising mass standards of living. While Russia remained isolated, its people turned naturally to American machines and technique as the best. On our part, we were excited by the adventures of American turbines and tractors in Russia. But Russia has ceased to be isolated. French, British and German machinery is entering Russia at the rate of half a billion dollars' worth a year. Meanwhile, purchases of American machinery have almost entirely stopped. In peevishly and definitely ending trade negotiations, the Roosevelt administration has perhaps kicked away our last chance to retain our special place in Russia's life and affections.

In my judgment, the administration has shown sloppiness, stupidity and a trace of political cowardice. The sloppiness occurred in the preliminary negotiations held between Mr. Roosevelt and M. Litvinov at the White House in November, 1933. Did Mr. Roosevelt agree on a loan for Russia, or didn't he? From Moscow, M. Litvinov now asserts that Mr. Roosevelt did agree on a loan, and virtually accuses him of welching on a promise. Our State Department has neither directly, nor indirectly through inspired press stories, challenged M. Litvinov's statement. The only explanation of

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the State Department's embarrassed silence is that the White House conversations were bunglingly vague, and that, while the adminstration does not consider it pledged itself to a loan, it does not feel sure enough of its ground to contradict M. Litvinov's recollection.

In coming to Washington, M. Litvinov had two clearly defined objectives. He wanted recognition from the United States and was ready to pay for it by a settlement of American claims against Tsarist Russia. He also wanted a loan, if possible. It must be remembered that, except for one measly, usurious loan from Stresemann's Germany, Russia has never been able to borrow from capitalist countries. Litvinov wanted an American loan partly for its own sake but much more as a precedent for later use.

Since the administration was approaching the peak of its spending endeavors, it could not have seemed a formidable task to find a few millions to finance trade with Russia. What troubled the administration was not money, but the supposed need to pacify the American church vote. Nearly a week passed while a formula was hammered out under which Americans residing in Russia were guaranteed the treaty right to hold religious services. Upon obtaining extraterritorial status for God, Mr. Roosevelt granted recognition to Russia, and left the same day for Warm Springs, Georgia. For another week, M. Litvinov strove for his loan. Mr. Morgenthau had just become acting Secretary of the Treasury, and Treasury affairs were in turmoil. Officials of the R.F.C. knew nothing of Mr. Roosevelt's intentions about Russia. M. Litvinov has a keen feeling for prestige, and he feared that if he negotiated with minor officials without result the prestige value of American recognition might evaporate. Accordingly he also departed.

With great energy, Mr. William C. Bullitt, as first Ambassador to Soviet Russia, set about tidying up the negotiations. However, in April, 1934, Secretary of State Hull ordered negotiations transferred from Moscow back to Washington. On the eve of the original White House meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and M. Litvinov, Mr. Hull had been unceremoniously shipped off to South America. In any case, he had not, before this, concerned himself with Russia. Upon assuming charge of the negotiations, Mr. Hull selected as assistants two State Department officials, R. Walton Moore and Robert F. Kelley, who showed no appreciation of the special American-Russian friendship and its future potentialities. Certainly they did not have a hundredth part of Bullitt's enthusiasm.

Definite negotiations did not begin until July. The State Department demanded $150,000,000 in satisfaction of American claims against Tsarist Russia; the Russians offered to pay $125,000,000. It was clear that a compromise was attainable. Because they had no intention of paying the immense Tsarist debt to French rentiers, and knew that other countries would demand the same terms as were given America, the Russians insisted on a harmless subterfuge. Legally they did not recognize American claims; instead, they offered to pay interest on commercial credits at double normal rates, with the understanding that half these payments would go for the benefit of American claimants. The administration agreed to this method of payment, and also agreed that the Export-Import Bank should guarantee commercial credits up to 75 percent. An unimportant hitch arose over the commercial credits. The Russians asked for a revolving fund of $100,000,000, this amount to be agreed on in advance; the State Department refused to commit itself to the fixed sum, urging that the amount of credits be determined by the trade that materialized.

The breakdown came over Russia's demand for a loan of $100,000,000, to run twenty years. The Russians offered to compromise the amount and term of years, but a loan of some sort they were determined to have and their insistence grew greater as the negotiations went on. After the State Department had stiffly refused every compromise, M. Troyanovsky made a final, formal offer of settlement, which was rejected by Mr. Hull, and the negotiations were ended.

It seems to me that the Roosevelt administration was guilty of stupidity in these negotiations. In November, 1933, at the time of the Roosevelt-Litvinov conversations, Russia still feared an invasion of Siberia by Japan. It also was afraid of an attack from Europe upon its western border, although this was less imminent than it had been a few years earlier. M. Litvinov badly wanted recognition by the United States. If Mr. Roosevelt had demanded a settlement of the Tsarist claims on his own terms before granting recognition, M. Litvinov might have accepted.

When Mr. Hull undertook negotiations in July, he was faced by a new situation. Mr. Litvinov already had obtained American recognition. He had paid exactly nothing for it, and had it in his pocket. M. Litvinov also had the assurance of credits, all the credits Russia could use, at Paris and London, on fairly reasonable terms. The one thing Mr. Hull had to offer, in exchange for M. Litvinov's consent to settle the Tsarist claims, was a loan. When Mr. Hull refused a loan, M. Litvinov ceased to be interested.

In my opinion, the administration should have recognized that it had been caught napping and should have given Russia a loan. The loan would have been spent immediately for the products of our heavy industry—for example, Russian negotiations for railroad locomotives were well advanced —and would have made jobs for the unemployed. A loan of $100,000,000 to Russia might have resulted in a reduction in relief expenditures of $50,000,000, perhaps more. By the most sacred tenets of capitalism, moreover, an economically advanced

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country is bound to lend to backward ones; otherwise capitalism is powerless to improve world standards. No country could put a loan to more productive use than by making it to Russia. Against this, it is necessary to admit that the only foreign loans made by the United States government, those during the World War, have turned out badly, and that rightist public opinion would have been particularly bitter about a loan to Russia. Undoubtedly, lending money to Russia would have taken a moderate amount of courage on the part of Mr. Roosevelt. But since the choice lay between providing jobs for unemployed Americans and nurturing American-Russian friendship, or truckling to the imaginary fears of people opposed to the New Deal in any case, it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt was overtimid.

The practical consequences of the collapse of negotiations are probably not serious. The State Department's announcement of the withdrawal of part of the Moscow Embassy staff need not be taken tragically, since sixty-eight officials remain and only Germany and Japan have larger staffs than ours. The abandonment of plans for a new embassy will disappoint the Kremlin, since no nation has yet built its own embassy in Moscow, but presumably Mr. Bullitt can manage with his present palace. In the Far East, Japanese militarists will receive a minimum of comfort from the ending of the negotiations. Russia's European frontier is now safeguarded by the French military alliance and Russia is free to devote its whole strength to the defense of Siberia. It also appears true that America and England have reached a common position, opposed to Japan, on naval questions. Beside these developments, American-Russian relations are of small present importance. The great harm has been the official discouragement given to the friendship of the American and Russian people, and this is a real disaster.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Restatement of Romance

The night knows nothing of the chants of night.
It is what it is as I am what I am;
And in perceiving this I best perceive myself

And you. Only we two may interchange
Each in the other what each has to give.
Only we two are one, not you and night,

Nor night and I, but you and I, alone,
So much alone, so deeply by ourselves,
So far beyond the casual solitudes,

That night is only the background of our selves,
Supremely true each to its separate self,
In the pale light that each upon the other throws.

WALLACE STEVENS.

Washington Notes

Roosevelt Wins the Decision—But the Fight Isn't Over—Trouble in the Senate—Will the President Address His Friends?

WITH THE Supreme Court decision made on the gold cases and the N.R.A. message delivered, the administration now feels better able to concentrate on getting its work-relief bill and social-security program through the Senate. Despite the fairly urbane surface publicly presented by the President and his closer advisers during those weeks of waiting, the fact is that they were nearly frightened sick over the possibility of an adverse Supreme Court decision. Furthermore, I am reliably informed that had the decision been adverse, the administration would have been at a loss as to what to do. The impression conveyed just prior to the handing down of the decision—that the administration had ready a complete program of action if one were needed—had no foundation in fact.

It is too late now to discuss the merits of the decision, which has been analyzed to the last degree by the incompetent as well as the competent observers in this vicinity, but it is not too late to note the fact that, though the decision was hailed as a victory by the New Deal leaders, it was a victory that left quite a number of them resentful toward the Court. This can be partially explained, I think, by their reaction from fright. It is perhaps natural that they should feel a certain bitterness toward the body that had them thoroughly scared for so long. Partially, however, it was caused by the Court's failure to disguise its feeling that the New Deal really had been guilty of repudiation and bad faith in nullifying the gold clause, but that nothing could be done about it.

In any event, the atmosphere has cleared and we can, for a time at least, proceed on our way without dislocation. As a matter of fact, when one appreciates the lack of any coherent administration plan, it is not comforting to think of what might have happened had the government's case been knocked out. It is also disquieting to find that some of the more thoughtful observers here believe that the decision sustaining the government in these cases increases the probability of adverse decisions in the pending cases affecting the constitutionality of N.R.A. and A.A.A.

The theory upon which this belief is founded is not one that I should care publicly to espouse, but it is worth repeating. In brief, it asserts that the five Justices who made up the Supreme Court majority are human beings with certain ineradicable human frailties. Since they were forced by circumstances and expediency into a clearly reluctant backing of the New Deal in the gold cases, the natural tendency of at least one or two of them will be to react in the other direction at the earliest opportunity. This assumes that certain members of the Court are capable of emotions that might affect the cold, unsentimental and exclusive consideration of the law. Probably it is an incorrect assumption. However, the White House's concern about the attitude of the Supreme Court has by no means ended with the gold decision. It is not possible for the administration to receive so devastating a blow in the cases pending

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as it might have in those just disposed of, but it can be considerably damaged—and Mr. Roosevelt knows it. So do his intimates and friends, but they are less successful than he in disguising their uneasiness.

Back of the President's smile, however, there lurk these days a potential querulousness and irritability that seem to come increasingly often to the surface. More than once these traits—concealed till now—have been exhibited at the White House press conferences, the glamor of which has considerably diminished. Certainly the pretense that Mr. Roosevelt takes the press into his confidence more completely than did any other President has disappeared in face of his curt refusal to answer questions about his attitude on pending legislation. With the correspondents Mr. Roosevelt is gay, charming and open so long as the questions are not embarrassing, but he gets irritated and uncommunicative as soon as the interrogations become searching and his questioners show a tendency to pin him down.

As for the prospects of speedy enactment of Roosevelt's program, at this writing they do not look particularly bright. Following the first defeat—by one vote—in the Senate, a debate of an almost interminable nature is threatened, though it is possible that before this issue of The New Republic is out, the President will have succeeded in crushing the opposition and shoving his pet measures through. Speed in this is regarded as essential by his closest advisers. Money for relief is nearly exhausted. Public works have almost ceased and the earliest possible start of the new program is desired. Therefore, the Senate delay irks Mr. Roosevelt and is responsible, perhaps, for some of his seemingly unjustified irritation.

A suggestion for dealing with the situation has been made by his friends. It is, as I think I mentioned some time ago, that he go on the radio and ask "My friends" to "write your Senators." That, it is urged, would soon put an end to unnecessary speeches and ensure the prompt enactment of the program. Perhaps so. I am not sure. I seem to recollect that Woodrow Wilson made some such effort to tame the Senate through an aroused public sentiment. My recollection is that Mr. Wilson did not succeed in taming the Senate in that way. On the contrary, he greatly increased the Senate's bitterness toward him and in the end that body defeated and frustrated him. I do not maintain that Mr. Roosevelt's hold upon the people is not greater than was Mr. Wilson's, though the point is at least arguable. And, of course, he has a larger party majority, more patronage and vastly more money to distribute.

However, it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt and those advising him would be wise carefully to survey the Senate situation before trying to put on that kind of pressure. They might, I think discover cause for uneasiness in the fact that the element in the Senate that has given Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal the most sincere support from the start—to wit, the progressive Republicans—has weakened considerably. Its enthusiasm has become diluted, to put it mildly. This is Mr. Roosevelt's own fault. For nearly two years he has had the support of these men because they thought him a true liberal at heart. Within the past two months his various reactionary moves, culminating in his acquiescence in the ousting of Mr. Frank and other liberals in the A.A.A., have aroused great suspicion and alarm.

To some extent, at least, he has lost the confidence of the progressive group in the Senate. It is, in my judgment, a much more serious loss than is generally appreciated, because the progressives were his only convinced supporters. The regular Democrats went along with him for political patronage and personal reasons. With the progressives, the support given him was more a matter of principle. If that support has weakened, it is because it is still a matter of principle.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Flurry That Flopped—Quick, Watson, the Oxygen!—A Cheerless Retail Trade Report—Foolish Is As Moffet Does

WALL STREET has just gone through its first major experience under the New Ordeal. The uncertainty bred by the threat in the Supreme Court of a decision against the government on the gold cases was an excellent one for testing the effectiveness of the new controls set up in the Securities Exchange Act. Of course, the test would have been better if the decision had been against the government. As it was, the whole matter is left in doubt. Has the sluggishness of the market been the result of scrutiny from Washington or is it just one more proof that nothing is really going on in the business world to justify any life in Wall Street?

For one thing, Wall Street did actually expect plenty of action when the decision was announced, no matter which way it went. Whatever ox was gored, the traders looked for plenty of goring. The Exchange stationed members of the governing board around the floor at what they called strategic points to have an eye open for shenanigans of any sort. There undoubtedly was some monkey business, but certainly not very much. The fact is that the public did not come in. And the little flurry that followed the decision came quickly to an end. This was a great disappointment to Wall Street. It looked for quite a shindig.

But it is easy to see what havoc would have been worked by a decision against the government on the gold clauses in private corporation bonds. Take, for instance, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It has outstanding $673,923,419 in long-term debt. Of this, over $500,000,000 are gold obligations. Had the decision been unfavorable, its bonded indebtedness would have been increased in gold value by at least $345,000,000. Already the common shares of this road had sunk to 10⅜. Had an incubus of $345,000,000 in gold debt been loaded on top of its existing indebtedness the shares would have been wiped out. Their par value is only $256,295,348 and their market value was only a tenth of that. This would have been the fate of many railroads, perhaps of most, and of utilities and industrial corporations carrying heavy gold-bond indebtedness.

As it was, little sorties were staged in various shares thus affected when a favorable decision was rendered. B. & O. shares selling at 10⅜ were swiftly driven up to 15. But they sank back again and the day after the decision were at 12¾. As for the market as a whole, the next day it

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was back again after a four-point rise to just over a point above where it was when the nine old men woke it temporarily. It is quite possible that the activity would have been more feverish had there been no Securities Exchange Commission in Washington. Moreover, the Exchange is perhaps a little on its good behavior pending the settlement of its present controversy with the S.E.C. over its own organization. But on the whole I believe that the absence of the public in any speculative or investment operations had as much to do with the laziness of the market as anything.

Mr. Babson has just observed very wisely that business at the moment is subsisting on oxygen supplied by government spending. Perhaps, he suggests, another tank of oxygen may be substituted—inflation for government spending. He might have said money inflation for government credit inflation. But as long as this is true and business does not take up the burden and show signs of independent life, there can be no real rise of prices.

The failure of business to take up that priming is apparent from the report of retail sales last year. The government has just issued the report with some gusto, as if it were a document of cheer. Retail sales are estimated to have been $28,548,000,000 in 1934 compared with $25,037,000,000 in 1933. This is an increase of $3,511,000,000. This may seem to be a very large increase. But if it is examined it will be seen to be surprisingly small. In 1933 actual emergency expenditures by the government were comparatively slight. While the government paid out $2,408,000,000 on emergency projects, all but $258,229,235 of it was handled by the R.F.C. and consisted in helping banks, mortgage companies and railroads pay their debts. Only $258,229,235 was paid out in cash doles for relief. But in 1934 the total sum paid out in relief, exclusive of R.F.C. loans, was, in round numbers, $4,000,000,000.

You have but to visualize the fruits of this huge expenditure. When the government gives an unemployed man $15 in a dole he spends it (except his rent) at the retail store. If the thing stopped right there, these vast government outlays would account for the entire increase in retail sales in 1934 over 1933. But as a matter of fact, that $15 spent at the store continues to move on. The storekeeper pays wages to his help. He buys more merchandise from the factory, which in turn pays wages, and these wages are spent once again at a store. This process continues until the whole amount has been drained off again into the capital funds or savings accounts of various corporations and persons. Four billion dollars paid out by the government should express itself as several times that much in retail sales before it comes to the end of its journey in the expendable income account. Its failure to do so shows how the whole economy depends on government spending.

If those fatuous men who now seek to cut the government's proposed relief expenditures in half could by any means have their way, they would soon get a bitter dividend upon their success. They are as foolish as the administration ballyhoo artists (such as Mr. Moffett, who says that the depression is over but that the people don't know it) who imagine there has been recovery in spite of the fact that a government relief program pours $4,000,000,000 out into the streams of business without increasing retail sales by that amount.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

New Phonograph Releases

CERTAIN of the English Gramophone Company's subscription recordings, which are now available to non-subscribers, are among the finest things in records; by which I mean that they present a perfect matching of artist to music. These include several volumes of Beethoven's piano sonatas in the performances of Artur Schnabel; Schubert's song-cycle "Die Winterreise" sung by Gerhard Huesch; Bach's "Goldberg Variations" played on the harpsichord by Wanda Landowska; and of course the first volume of Hugo Wolf songs sung by Elena Gerhardt. The two volumes of preludes and fugues of Bach's "48" may also be included with the reservation that Edwin Fischer's playing is not consistently good. But the Pro Arte String Quartet is not the inevitable choice for Haydn's quartets; often it is not even a good choice. Again, the first Sibelius volume is very poor in quality of performance and recording (the second and third volumes I cannot speak of, since no review samples are given). And in its second and third volumes of Wolf songs, the Gramophone Company has used other singers as celebrated, perhaps, as Elena Gerhardt, but for the most part not so good for the particular purpose. For *Lieder* singing is a special and subtle art that requires more than a beautiful voice.

The outstanding non-subscription release of recent months is Mozart's Piano Concerto in B flat (Victor)—first because of the music itself, and second because of the performance. The work is extraordinary in the literal sense of the word: the first movement is not ordinary Mozart, not even ordinary best Mozart. Written late in Mozart's life, it is calm, but in the way that a person is calm after torment. In other words, the music conveys something that we do not ordinarily get from Mozart—a synthesis of experience, a state of awareness consequent on this experience, such as we get from the later Beethoven. And Schnabel's playing, in its elevation and nobility, is as perfectly suited to this Mozart as Arthur Rubinstein's, in its warmth and sparkle, was suited to the Mozart of the A major Concerto. But the slow movement Schnabel is not content to accept for what it is—a wistful Mozart larghetto. He plays it adagio, forcing it out of its own character to give it the profundity of a Beethoven slow movement. And that he plays it well in this manner does not alter the fact that he plays it wrongly and subjects it to strain. The finale, however, he does perfectly; and the orchestral part is well played by the London Symphony under Barbirolli.

Another important release is Mozart's lovely Sonata in A major for violin and piano, played by Yehudi Menuhin and his fifteen-year-old sister Hephzibah (Victor). What with the emotional rapport between them and all the playing they have done together, the performance is remarkable for the perfection with which the violin and piano dovetail. But even more remarkable is the playing of Hephzibah—the maturity of feeling and musical understanding, the clarity of structural outline, the rectitude of phrasing and style. It is Yehudi's playing that is precious, feminine; Hephzibah's that is pure in style and manly.

To these must be added a record on which Elisabeth Schumann does some beautiful *Lieder* singing in four

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Strauss songs: "Schlechtes Wetter," "Ständchen," "All' Mein Gedanken" and "Hat Gesagt, Bleibt's Nicht Dabei" (Victor). The singing is exquisite not only in quality, but in feeling and musical intelligence—the sensitiveness to every subtlety of meaning, expressed in variety of inflection and pace. On another record Mme. Schumann sings Bach's "Bist Du Bei Mir" with marvelous suppleness and continuity in the delivery of the long phrases. On the other side is Schubert's "Ave Maria."

At the opposite pole from the Bach of Elisabeth Schumann is the Bach of Stokowski's free transcriptions and performances, with their vulgar excesses of coloring and lurid melodrama, a number of examples of which are contained in the recently issued Bach Anniversary Album (Victor). It includes the Chaconne from the D minor Violin Sonata, the Adagio from the Organ Toccata and Fugue in C major, the Chorale-Prelude "Nun Komm, der Heiden Heiland," a Siciliano, a Sarabande, and "Komm, Suesser Tod."

A good set of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony has long been needed; and Weingartner contributes a fine performance with the London Philharmonic (Columbia); but the recording is not so good as it should be (and the surfaces of Columbia records are so hard that a steel needle does not last one side, which does not improve the result). A good set of Brahms's Fourth has also been needed; and it is still needed, for in the latest one (Victor) the work is imperfectly conceived by Bruno Walter, imperfectly played by the British Broadcasting Company Orchestra, and imperfectly recorded. The same is to be said of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" as played by the B. B. C. Orchestra under Fritz Busch (Victor).

In chamber music there is an excellent performance of Brahms's Sonata in D minor for violin and piano by Paul Kochanski and Arthur Rubinstein (Victor). And marvelous playing by Rubinstein and members of the Pro Arte Quartet, and perfect recording, are wasted on Brahms's Piano Quartet in G minor (Victor). The Lener Quartet's version of Brahms's C minor, Opus 51, No. 1 (Columbia) is vastly inferior to the one issued recently by the Busch Quartet. And the Poltronieri Quartet does poorly with Haydn's D minor, Opus 76, No. 2.

Those who are up to Roy Harris and Edgar Varèse will be interested in Harris' "Three Variations on a Theme" played by the Roth Quartet (Victor) and Varèse's "Ionization" played by a percussion ensemble under Nicholas Slonimsky (Columbia). I am willing to believe that these works mean a great deal to their composers; but what they mean eludes me.

I have always found Horowitz's piano-playing technically brilliant and musically dull, but he has recorded excellent performances of Haydn's fine Sonata in E flat and Beethoven's 32 Variations in C minor (Victor).

In conclusion let me call attention to piano-playing of a different kind. Theodore Wilson has not devoted years of practice and study to the task of playing the notes that Beethoven prescribes in his 32 Variations in a way that will give them most effect. He is a Negro, with little formal training, who plays with other musicians in Harlem or in recording studios, and who in the course of their performance of a popular tune is called on to "take a chorus," which means to improvise a variation on the tune—in other words, to exercise his inventive skill, his taste as a creative musician. And how considerable these are, on the musical level on which he operates, may be heard in a recording of an improvised or "hot" performance of the tune "I Surrender, Dear" by a group called Red Norvo and his Swing Septet (Columbia 2977-D). Wilson also plays in a recorded performance of "Moonglow" by Benny Goodman and his orchestra (Columbia 2927-D) and this performance is extraordinary in the perfection of all the "hot" solos and in the way the improvised material is assembled.

B. H. Haggin.

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Passing of the Gods"

SIR: Eric Estorick, in his review of "The Passing of the Gods" [The New Republic, January 23], says that "in so far as Mr. Calverton wishes to free the human mind from superstition, he is doing an extremely valuable job." This appreciation of a valuable social service induces me to try to free Mr. Estorick's very human mind from some of its cobwebs.

He accuses the author of using vague terms without analysis or exposition, "hiding the personality of the priests, the military and the property owners (the true cultural determiners) behind such rubrics as 'social forces'." This is crass misstatement. If he will turn to pages 45-47, which I happen to find quickly, or will read the following lines from page 48, he will find "social forces" analyzed with no reliance at all upon the rubric that Mr. Estorick so much regrets:

> It was not long before the priests claimed for themselves all the powers important to economic and social life and became the first ruling class in the community. By that time they had established control over the fertility of the soil, the future of the herd, and all the pleasures and pain of human destiny. The whole earth, for that matter, rendered subject to their rites and incantations, became their immediate possession. It was out of that possession that the payment of rent, as a propitiatory and expiatory rite, first arose, and landed ownership developed.

Again, in even more flagrant disregard for truth, Mr. Estorick says that the author "speaks glibly of 'normality as an absolute,' yet advances no synthetic method for the attainment of such a norm."

Mr. Calverton's words, on page 22, are as follows:

> Difficult as it is to deal with such a term as normality, it can be said without exaggeration, I believe, that normality for a social animal such as man can be found only in a society in which the individual is in harmony with the group —or rather in which the group is in harmony with itself— in which coöperation instead of competition constitutes the basis of his relationship, and in which the presence of classes is replaced by the solidarity of the social whole. To speak of normality in terms of our society, therefore, is a contradiction. Abnormality, if you will, is our norm.

Finally, Mr. Estorick accuses the author of saying that the religious feeling must be "exorcised altogether" rather than be directed into new channels. What the author does say, in words so often quoted recently that it is strange Mr. Estorick has not come across them even outside the pages of the book he essayed to review, is this:

> Religion is dying today, and the gods are passing, not so much because the human race has no more need of the function they served, but because it has built up superior substitutes for them. . . . And the social alliance which religion once effected between the ego and the group . . . can be better accomplished today by a social movement which links the individual with society in terms of the future as well as the present.

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In a review of this sort the reviewer convicts himself of being, someone has said, either a knave or a fool. Never having heard of Mr. Estorick before, I have no way of knowing which word best describes him. Perhaps he will illuminate the issue.

Baltimore, Md. VERA FULTON.

SIR: Mr. Calverton writes under so loose a system that one can quote almost any statement to prove or disprove any hypothesis. It is true that the passage on page 48 pointed out by Miss Fulton is one where Mr. Calverton emphasizes the role of the individual priests in religious phenomena. But the quotation, so skillfully couched in social generalities, does not answer my original charge, which was not that Mr. Calverton hid the personalities of the priests *per se*, but that he hid them behind "such rubrics as social forces." Miss Fulton's quotation is a reply to a contention that I did not make.

Her second quotation, far from bringing out a "flippant disregard for truth" in my review, serves to strengthen my reply to the first charge as well as the second. On page 22 Mr. Calverton talks of " . . . a society in which the individual is in harmony with the group—or rather in which the group is in harmony with itself." In discussing the personality of the priests or the concept of social abnormality and conflict, Mr. Calverton should be pointing out the basis of the specific stresses, such as those of priests versus laymen, freemen versus slaves, property owners versus the disinherited, men versus women, or whatever may be the basis of strained relationships between individuals. This Mr. Calverton does not do. His method is to emphasize the character of "mind" as a socially determined product, and then to pit the individual mind over against the "group" that presumably produced it. His pratings, therefore, about a classless society, social forces, abnormality, etc., are tantamount, as I said in my review, to wishful thinking and the establishment of his particular theses.

If we translate Mr. Calverton's closing pages in regard to the future of religion into objective realities there can be no quarrel with them, but as they stand out they cannot be thus translated for the reason of his contradictory reasoning, a reasoning involving an undigested mixture of Freudism and Marxism. It *is* a fact that we give ear today to social philosophers and strategists whose programs have a basis in a sound understanding of human nature and the world in general; we go to the priests with fewer and fewer problems. Whether this process leaves any "religious feeling," whether any "religious feeling" survives after entreaty, priests and rituals have been dispensed with, I will leave to metaphysical splitters of hairs with nothing better to do.

New York City. ERIC ESTORICK.

The Red Scare in Sacramento

SIR: There was an error I should like to correct in your paragraph about the criminal-syndicalism cases in Sacramento [The New Republic, January 30]. The signal for the formation of a vigilante army in Sacramento was not an announcement of Communists that they intended to send representatives to picket the trials and protest, but the mere routine announcement of a regular convention of unemployed organizations—the annual State Unemployed Convention. It had, as a matter of fact, been postponed before City Manager James Dean had heard of its being planned. Nevertheless, The San Francisco Chronicle, for example, appeared on the streets of San Francisco with eight-column banner headlines: "2,000 REDS PLAN ARMED MARCH ON SACRAMENTO." The other papers, especially in Sacramento, were not far behind in scare headlines.

This was all that was needed. The "Citizen Army" of 500 is formed, under City Manager James Dean; citizens are flocking to join it, the Hearst press reports. Police forces have been put under military rule, this step initiated by the City Manager and City Council. The business men are armed and deputized, and they and the police have perpetual riot drills and tear-gas instruction and training (from tear-gas manufacturers) and training in the use of the new long-range gas guns. Two other groups have been formed, Crusaders and Cavaliers, ready to deal with new "outbreaks" of the "communist movement" in Sacramento. (There have never been any.)

And the man who has been placed in command of the police in Sacramento? Colonel R. E. Mittelstaedt, former adjutant general of California, National Guardsman, World War veteran, General Manager of the Sacramento Water Company, and the man who, when the National Guard was called out during the longshoremen's strike in San Francisco, gave the order: "Any man who fires a shot into the air will be courtmartialed. *Shoot to kill.*"

Carmel, Calif. ELLA WINTER.

An Appeal from Commonwealth College

SIR: Your readers can be of great assistance to Commonwealth College at this moment, perhaps the most critical in the history of the school. Commonwealth is being investigated by the Arkansas Legislature for fostering "un-American" and "communist" doctrines. The school has nothing to hide. All of its activities come within the protection of the Bill of Rights.

But not long ago Ward Rodgers was sentenced to six months in jail and given a $500 fine for advocating, in effect, that planters be required to obey the law in dealing with tenants. The Bill of Rights is not in force in Arkansas.

Only a vigorous protest can save Commonwealth College, one of the oldest and best known labor schools in the nation. If your readers will wire and write to the Arkansas Legislature, at Little Rock, protesting against any attempt to interfere with the work the school is doing, they can do a great deal to help. . . .

Mena, Ark. CHARLOTTE MOSKOWITZ, Executive-Secretary.

Footnote to a Note

SIR: In your issue of January 30, Malcolm Cowley in "A Note on Marxian Criticism" makes what appears to me to be a most indefensible distinction between the social and personal. The individual's mental life, to be sure, is likely to be most complex. It cannot be adequately described, for example, by calling it a "petty-bourgeois mentality." It will hardly do, however, to say, as Mr. Cowley does, that in so far as the pioneer moving westward had in mind the available cheap land, he was impelled by a social motive, while, upon the other hand, to the extent that this same pioneer remembered that he was a chicken thief attempting to escape the clutches of the constable, he was impelled by a personal motive. There can be no such separation of the social and the personal. From one point of view, a person's mental life is entirely social—all of it has a social history and all of it in its functioning has a social significance. From another point of view, it is entirely individual—all of it is organized into a unique personal pattern.

Ann Arbor, Mich. ROY H. HOLMES.

Extracts from Letters

MARGARET SANGER writes us: "Senate Bill 600 and H.R. 2000, sponsored by the National Committee for Birth Control, have been reintroduced both in the Senate and the House. This bill would make it possible for doctors, hospitals and licensed clinics to secure and disseminate proper and scientific contraceptive information and supplies. . . . During this period of economic distress and unemployment, with millions of families dependent upon federal relief, wives and mothers should be able to obtain this form of constructive information through responsible medical channels. Petitions to President Roosevelt urging passage of this legislation are now being circulated by us, and all interested persons are requested to communicate with the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, 1343 H Street, N.W., Washington, D. C."

The National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City, writes that it has combined forces with the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League to defeat the bill prescribing "loyalty oaths" for students introduced in the New York State Legislature. Voters who are interested in helping the students are asked to communicate with Federation headquarters.

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Mr. Fresnay, Mr. Shaw

Noah, by André Obey, adapted from the French by Arthur Wilmurt. Longacre Theatre, February 13, 1935.
The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, by Bernard Shaw. Guild Theatre, February 18, 1935.

WE SHOULD begin a record of "Noah," the play in which M. Fresnay is again essaying his European success, by saying that, first, it is a pity that "The Green Pastures" happened earlier and, by a certain likeness, damped somewhat the effect of the French piece. This impression was heightened rather than diminished by Mr. Clean Throckmorton's settings for "Noah." It would have been a better chance to attempt settings either like a box of toys (animals and all) or else like the mysteries that are so constantly illustrated in the manuscripts of mysteries and miracle plays that medieval France provides. The archness of the ark and the dun coquetry of M. Remo Bufano's animals—bears, lions, cows and so on—do nothing for "Noah" as a play; they merely dim the scenes with the obvious. Europe in America would do better to stick to Europe, not because it is in general superior, but because it would at least preserve the original unity of the production. The unity of "Noah," as we see it at the Longacre, is greatly broken up by the settings and by the terrible young people who make more thumps on the stage boards than anyone could have done since the ark's own decks were available for thumping.

The second point is that "Noah," in Paris, would have had many topical allusions, to communism, to dictatorship and a score of other things that might engage the audience in a lively participation with what was going on behind the footlights. Any applause, therefore, or howls, or tears, would be more vociferously related to something, either communal or journalistic or sacred.

All this, accordingly, narrows the event down to the performance of M. Fresnay. M. Fresnay mastered English long ago, to a degree far superior to most young English actors that honor us nowadays. He speaks entirely without accent, with admirable rhythm and with secure vowels. Why this in a Frenchman should interest us except as a circus feat I wonder, since English has ceased to be of interest to our stage.

The story of "Noah" is something rather characteristically French medieval. The flood is coming and Noah has built his ark. His wife and sons plus three young ladies enter for the introduction to Noah's prophetic thought. They and diverse animals enter the ark, which is ready to float. Noah in the community eyes is a mere sorcerer. A chieftain comes, only to be confounded and get his grease paint messed up. Rain begins. In the end, after ructions and distrusts, when the waters have subsided and the three sons gone away with their women, to fulfill the Biblical geographies, Noah is left. We have the top of a mountain, and then Noah's trust in God; then the promise of the rainbow.

The great thing to mention on this occasion is M. Fresnay's Noah. He creates a beautiful role, exhibits a trained, fine voice, and perfects the development of the play's idea and progress toward simple faith. I have never seen on the stage so beautiful a creation of simple faith, nor have I seen a finer compass or more complete line of conception. I am sure we have stage directors in plenty who could tell M. Fresnay how to be better, much better, so much better that he would become only mediocre. But if he could keep what he has in Noah, so superbly pure, direct and clean, and at the same time remain among us, he would be one of the finest actors in America.

I am not saying that we long greatly for fine actors. It might be more intelligent, as well as more honest, to say we want not actors so much as we want persons like Mr. Will Rogers, who, with small technical deference, know that they themselves will go a long way. M. Fresnay, fine actor, may therefore rest some time before he decides to remain on these shores, with all that superb technical craft that has, no doubt, cost him a great deal. He might see, as many of our best players have seen, that some mere flash in the personality pan goes as far as all their labor and art.

Bernard Shaw's play at the Guild, whenever it is comic, is still in his delicious vein, and is a good, tricky, non-snobbish fantasy, and a rest from the Times Square state of mind. A clergyman of the English Church visits such islands of the Empire as pirates remember when their human cargo bores them. Here the famous life-force begins to act. All is now a theme so sexy-sexless and discursive that Shavianly it is doubly dear.

The story of "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" will no doubt be sure to appear later in published form. At present we may say that, in stage form, it is much less boring than "The Apple Cart." The story cannot be told in brief. It involves a simple saintly man in the midst of Oriental delusions and metaphysical sexual complications. In the end arrives an angel, full of pregnant Shavian platitudes, old ribs of jokes.

A great virtue, due partly to the author, partly to the director, Mr. Harry Wagstaff Gribble, appears among the Guild company. The actors really seem to enjoy their parts. This is quite right. The best portions of Shaw's play defy serious approach. The play demands spirit, happiness and zest. This is the first play I have seen the Guild produce in a long time in which there was not a certain joylessness that derived not from the producers' being careful but from their being pedestrian.

One of the purest, wittiest and most lovely performances I have ever seen in a Shaw play is that of Mr. Romney Brent in the clergyman role. The character is built on the simple-minded saint motif, a sort of humble reverse to the dominant Don Juan motif. Mr. Brent's witty playing was on a level, or above, the dramatist's wit in the earlier scenes. In the final scene the sudden, quiet insight of Mr. Brent's playing was better than Shaw deserved.

The end of the piece is unfortunately spoilt by Shaw himself. In those concluding speeches about life's being made up of wonder and surprise, et cetera, the banality of the dramatist's preachments is all too plain. How strange it is that this dramatist has never understood the difference between passionate thinking and mere cerebration! After all these years he has not learned certain stage lessons. And if you are going into the Emersonian, it is better at least to be a little moonstruck about it, to be a bit more drunk than didactic.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Strictly Private

LAST SUMMER, after reading and thoroughly disliking Carl Van Doren's "Modern American Prose," I began making my own list of passages that deserve to be included in any such collection of American writing. The list is confined to the last twelve years and deals chiefly with the work of prose writers still under forty. It couldn't possibly be inclusive or definitive, even in its limited field; there are too many good books that I haven't read. On the other hand, I can guarantee that every item on the list is something I admire and vividly remember and would like to see preserved.

Here, at any rate, are the notes I made toward a private and quite imaginary anthology:

Ernest Hemingway should have a big part in it. A place should be found for one of the two long passages in which he rises to a sort of exact delirium—either the account of the fiesta, from "The Sun Also Rises," or else the story of the Italian retreat, from "A Farewell to Arms." If there is room only for a short story, I think it should be the episode of the punch-drunk ex-champion and his Negro retainer, from "In Our Time."

John Dos Passos is better in broad outline and conception than in the close-textured writing that is desirable for anthologies. Yet there are two passages from "1919" that belong in any miscellany of good American prose. One is the lyrical biography of Joe Hill; the other is the story of Wesley Everest and the lynching at Centralia.

Edmund Wilson should be represented not only by a critical chapter, preferably the conclusion of "Axel's Castle," but also by a piece of reporting like the description of a West Virginia mining camp in "The American Jitters." . . . There ought to be something from Matthew Josephson's "Zola"—either the chapter called "The Conception and Gestation of an Epic," which tells how Zola deliberately planned his life's work, or else the account of the Dreyfus case.

From Ring Lardner I don't know what to choose, but it wouldn't be "The Golden Honeymoon." I should prefer one of the pieces in which he revealed a little less of his infinite contempt for two-legged mammals.

Kenneth Burke wrote a book of short stories called "The White Oxen" that is out of print and practically forgotten. At least one of them, "The Book of Yul," belongs in any anthology that aims to present good work instead of famous names. Also I should certainly include "Flowering Judas," by Katherine Anne Porter. It is one of the very few short stories that, as Emily Dickinson said of good poems, "lift the top off your head."

In my imaginary anthology I should want to have something by George Milburn, something by Kay Boyle and something by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, preferably a passage from "The Time of Man." Of William Faulkner I don't know what I should choose, though probably it would be the first part of "Sanctuary," with its quality of suggesting a tragic sexual dream. If I printed anything by Glenway Wescott, it would be the introduction to "Goodbye Wisconsin," a mannered piece of writing, but an accurate photograph of an attitude and an age. From Erskine Caldwell I should take the collection of aphorisms, moods and figures of speech that he prints at the end of "American Earth."

Robert Cantwell's "The Land of Plenty" is the best of the new proletarian novels, but it contains no passage that would be so effective in an anthology as the prologue to his first book, "Laugh and Lie Down." Another good selection would be the fifty pages of "The Disinherited," by Jack Conroy, that tell how the hero's father lived and died in the Monkey Nest mine. Edward Dahlberg's first novel, "Bottom Dogs," has a fine chapter in which it is shown that the boys of a particularly bleak and nasty orphanage have a collective pride of their own, a sort of college spirit. For the present, these are my only selections from the proletarian novelists, but most of them are young, with their best work in front of them.

It is obvious that a careful survey of American prose would contain a good deal of philosophy, history and sociology. I am not well read in these fields, but at least I have a few enthusiasms—for example, the beginning of "Art and Experience," by John Dewey, and the passage from "Middletown" that deals with group solidarity. I should certainly include Professor Breasted's chapter on Alexander the Great, from "The Conquest of Civilization"; and a place could be found for one contribution by a Tennessee agrarian—that is, the essay by Andrew Lytle called "The Hind Tit," a sort of prose ballad and linsey-woolsey epic about the daily life of Southern backwoods farmers. And what else? It would be better to wait until I have done more reading.

Such are the notes I made on my strictly private collection of good American prose. It happens that not one of the passages I mentioned is included in Mr. Van Doren's anthology, but on this ground I can have no quarrel with him. Perhaps he hasn't read them or doesn't like them; in any case they would not reflect his own taste as an editor. My principal criticism of the sixty selections made for his "Modern American Prose" is that they too fail to express his taste—or at best reveal a taste so diffuse and lukewarm and undirected that it is scarcely more than a mild predilection. It is as if, instead of a personal judgment, he had tried to present a sort of publishers' and book reviewers' consensus—as if the up-to-the-minute praises on the front page of The Herald Tribune Books had been followed as a guide to permanent value. Mr. Van Doren picks the usual things; he avoids the sort of writing that expresses strong emotions or embarrassing beliefs or the smell of men at work; almost nowhere does he suggest that he is choosing passages to reprint because they affect him deeply. In sum, he succeeds in spreading a thick mud-crust of dullness over a whole era.

It is of course true that this age through which we lived was not a great age when talents flowered everywhere or great writers loomed up like mountains at sea. Still, it was an age when a surprising quantity and variety of honest work was produced in the midst of shoddy work. It was an age when young men and women all over the country were trying to set down accurately their new attitudes toward changing folkways. In Carl Van Doren's collection of prose there is scarcely a suggestion of this rich and confused activity. His book, in its bland, bumbling, backslapping way, is a thousand-page libel on all of us who lived and wrote through the 1920's. It makes our past seem cheaper than it was.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

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Novels by Weight

The Conquest of Canaan, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Come and Get It, by Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

One Light Burning, by R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

I Am Your Brother, by Gabriel Marlowe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

The Royal Way, by André Malraux. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

IT MAY be that different ideas have different specific gravities, and might actually be weighed, if only we had the proper instruments. As it is, we have to depend on hefting them and then guessing. Novels, which are simply samples of contemporary ideas, wrapped in more or less neat packages, have their degrees of weightiness as well. And though even such professional strong men as book reviewers cannot be trusted to tell within a pound or two the actual weight of these parcels they are paid to juggle, they *can* tell which are heavier than others.

And, in default of any instrument for exact measurement, it must be admitted that the specific gravity of novels is not constant; it does seem to vary with the years. A few seem solider, after a generation or so, than they did before; but the great majority grow lighter, lighter, and finally either blow away altogether or collapse under the pressure of an atmosphere that abhors them. Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan," for instance, must have seemed much weightier when it was first published, thirty years ago, than it does today. Though not, of course, to its own author. Mr. Tarkington, in an apologetic foreword to this new edition, says, "the writing had been done honestly, in the realist-romantic spirit of its period"; but this youthful effort is not, he intimates, on a par with his mature performances. Well, what has Mr. Tarkington got now that he didn't have then? More barber-shop dialect, more sense of humor about the young (and not so much about the old), and an advanced case of wistfulness. His carefully manicured style no longer crooks its little finger while handling a teacup, he has probably not used the word "eftsoons" in the last thirty years, and if one of his up-to-date heroines should borrow the hero's pen, the present Mr. Tarkington would not be likely to say, as of yore: "and it was given to him to know that he would always keep that pen, though he would never write with it again." But these are the kind of superficial advantages that a trip abroad or an automatic maturity will bring. The author of "The Conquest of Canaan" may seem to Mr. Tarkington like "a somewhat antipathetic young cousin," but to the reader he will appear in his true guise as a nicer, because younger, Mr. Tarkington—with the seeds of surrender in him, but not yet hopelessly domesticated.

Simply because Edna Ferber's latest book is more up-to-date, we shall have to allow it a little more weight. She has not half the charm of the young Booth Tarkington—in fact, she has no charm at all. Reading one of her books gives you the pleasant sense of toil vicariously accomplished. And her novels are always success stories, in spite of the threatening implications she turns up and pats neatly back into place—which makes her popular reading. She squares off at her job in workmanlike fashion and turns out a nationally advertised product that looks as sound as this year's model always does, until next year's model comes along. This time she has elected to give the reader his money's worth by a report on the Wisconsin lumber industry. In fact, she gives double your money's worth, for the story not only ends but begins all over again, and finally peters out in a formless finish. The hero of the first part is a ruthless old self-crowned lumber king; at his death, halfway through the book, the girl whom he tried to get for himself but who had sense enough to snag his son instead becomes the centerpiece, and blossoms out into a rich vulgarian. The only point I could discover in the story was that Miss Ferber thought there was good stuff in the lass, because when the crash of the depression came, she had the gumption to cut the cackle and come home. In a pathetic attempt to justify Edna Ferber's national advertising, her publishers announce that she has now practically covered the mores of the entire United States. With what? may I ask. To paraphrase a famous disclaimer: "It's just an Edna Ferber, Mister; it don't mean nothing."

R. C. Hutchinson's first novel, "The Unforgotten Prisoner," felt much heavier in the hand than "One Light Burning." I compared him then with Galsworthy; this time it is William J. Locke who comes naturally to mind. Or perhaps it was a little hasty to warn the reader not to confuse him with his namesake, A. S. M. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson is certainly an able writer, and he has a warm heart, but he has written this book with such a lump in his throat that it becomes as grotesquely visible as an enlarged Adam's apple. A heroic Oxford don, a kind of T. E. Lawrence, gets together a little band to rescue an old pal of his, a saintly German theologian who for some cockeyed Borrovian reason has disappeared in Siberia, scattering Bibles as he went. The rescue party have a very thin time of it, trying to get in by way of the Arctic frontier: one of them dies, another loses a foot, and the hero develops an apparently incurable case of insomnia, with insanity threatened. What's more, they fail to find the old German. Back in safety once more, they disband, and the hero, who is rapidly going crazy, sets about looking for a newly married woman he had met on the boat going over, and with whom he has fallen donnishly in love. When at last he finds her, her husband is conveniently killed in a barroom brawl, and our hero finds that love conquers all, even insomnia. The plot is really as silly as it sounds, but Mr. Hutchinson does wonderfully well with it in spots. Well, let's say he does better with it than Locke would have done.

You won't get any Bram Stoker fan to admit that "I Am Your Brother" is in the same class with "Dracula," because for one thing Bram Stoker fans will not be apt to like or understand the surrealist-cinema technique that its author uses. It should make younger flesh creep, but I think Mr. Marlowe, for fear of confusing the reader, has underplayed his hand: more nightmare madness would have heightened his effect, not dispersed it. And as usual in such tales, he has made the horror at times a little too tangible. The story is of a brilliant young London musician, whose happiness (marriage with the leading lady of the cheap show he thumps the piano for) and career are both cut short by his servitude to his monstrous brother, a soft-spoken but terrible creature whom he keeps locked up in the attic. As a study in the growth of insanity the story has points that even Mr. Faulkner should be able to profit by.

André Malraux's "The Royal Way" is by far the heaviest of these novels, and sinks naturally to the bottom of the list. It is an earlier novel than "Man's Fate" and neither so ambitious nor so powerful, but its greater sim-

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plicity may gain it more readers. It is a story about death: both its principal characters are preoccupied by death, and one of them takes the cure by dying. Claude is a young Frenchman, a theoretical archeologist, who is on his way to Siam to look for treasure in the shape of carvings in forgotten, jungle-buried temples. On the voyage out he meets an older man, Perken, an adventurer with a vaguely dangerous reputation. The two strike up a friendship and become partners. They find what they are looking for, but on their way out of the jungle they fall in with hostile savages, and Perken is wounded. He manages to bluff their way free, but before they can get to the protection of a friendly tribe Perken knows he is dying. "The Royal Way" is a much less impersonal story than "Man's Fate" —its canvas is not crowded with selfless victims and selfless agents, but dominated by two Ishmaelites. Claude's final cry of despairing rebellion against man's fate, by however royal a way it is reached, is Malraux's own: "Ah, if only they existed, those gods of theirs, and he might, even at the cost of never-ending torment, howl in their faces, like the baying dogs, the bitter truth—that no hope of heaven, no promise of reward, nothing can justify the end of any human life!"

T. S. MATTHEWS.

1935—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VIKING PRESS

STATISTICS AND PHILOSOPHY

If you would know the facts which must underlie any consideration of America's economic life—if you would know the philosophic basis of the modern state —two recent books will be revealing.

In 1934, the administration instituted the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity under the direction of Harold Loeb. This fact-finding commission traced the flow of commodities from raw material through all the intervening stages to the finished product. To correlate the mass of facts gathered by the survey, a master chart was drawn up which shows how the productive capacity of America relates to the needs of the people.

The Chart of Plenty by Harold Loeb and Associates ($2.50) reveals the implication of these facts. It clearly demonstrates that by utilizing its full capacity, our present productive system could afford every family in the United States the equivalent, in goods and services, of $4,370 annually. Here is the incontrovertible answer to the much-debated question—"how much can America really produce?" Here, too, are the basic facts for any discussion of our economic problems.

Harold J. Laski has been for years a leader of progressive thought in England and a member of the Labour Party "Brains Trust." *The State in Theory and Practice* ($3.00) is a scholarly, challenging presentation of Mr. Laski's views on the state and its future. He contends that the power of the state rests, in the last analysis, on coercion, and he shows how and why that coercive power is wielded in favor of those who control the instruments of production. He makes clear how, when the unpropertied feel that they are receiving *less than the productive system is capable of giving them,* conflict is inevitable. Finally, he shows, by reference to recent historical events, what steps industrialists take in attempting to postpone or avoid that conflict. *The State in Theory and Practice* suggests the dangerous future which confronts modern society and indicates a rational way of preparing for it.

THE CHART OF PLENTY

THE STATE in THEORY and PRACTICE

The Strategy of Revolution

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1918: Documents and Materials, edited by James Bunyan and H. H. Fisher. Stanford University Press (Hoover War Library Publications, No. 3). 747 pages. $6.

SEVENTEEN years after the October Revolution and eleven years after Lenin's death, new books on Russia that really add to existing knowledge are rare events. Almost a decade ago the late Professor Frank A. Golder of Stanford decided that there was already a surfeit of eulogies, denunciations and impressionistic accounts of the Revolution and a need, instead, for detailed and authentic information gathered and translated from Russian sources. With this objective in view he set to work to bring together a vast mass of material, a portion of which was published in 1927 under the title "Documents of Russian History: 1914-1917." His work has been continued by Professor H. H. Fisher with the aid of Mr. James Bunyan. So admirably have they performed their task that the volume just issued can be described without qualification as the most valuable and illuminating single work in English on the immediate background of the Bolshevik seizure of power, and the subsequent course of the Revolution during the first six months of the Soviet regime.

Collections of documents are usually dull. This one sparkles. It paints on a broader canvas and in more vivid colors than anyone has yet used the whole dynamic upsurge of revolt. Its pages resound almost audibly with the tumult of social death and rebirth. This effect is partly due to the subject matter itself. But it is in larger part due to the skill of the editors, who have contrived to select their materials so carefully that they present in full both the political scene and the great tempest sweeping through the lives of workers, peasants and soldiers.

These materials, skillfully organized by time and topic and fully indexed, are gathered from army intelligence reports, official news dispatches, memoirs, diaries, governmental and party archives, letters, decrees and proclamations. Save for Lenin's writings none of them has hitherto been available in English. They are thrice indispensable—as a compendium of sources for the historian, as a minutely detailed panorama of events for the social scientist, and as an incomparable portrayal of the drama of social revolution for everyone interested in the genesis of the first successful proletarian dictatorship.

The *Leitmotif* is, of course, the revolutionary strategy of the Bolshevik leaders, and particularly the insistence of Lenin upon proletarian dictatorship as the only state form capable of expropriating the former ruling classes and creating socialism. Lenin is repeatedly thwarted by circumstances. He is often opposed by colleagues who feel that the time is not "ripe" for action, that "democracy" should be preserved, that the party is moving too fast or not fast enough. And in each crucial decision, Lenin's course turns out to be the only one certain to attain the goal. The class war under the dictatorship, he says, has five purposes: suppressing the resistance of the exploiters, transforming the imperialist war into civil war, neutralizing the lower middle class and the peasantry, expropriating the bourgeoisie, and educating the workers to a new discipline. The fulfilment of these purposes constitutes a fascinating tale. Social insurance precedes workers' control. Workers' control of factories precedes nationalization, which is in part a punitive measure against bourgeois sabotage. Peasants' control of the land precedes nationalization of agriculture. National-

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ization goes hand in hand with the development of organs of economic planning. There are chaos, opposition, insuperable obstacles. But Lenin conquers. By realism of approach, clarity of analysis, fixity of goal and flexibility of method he wins victory. His genius is simplicity: "One has to know how to change one's methods of combating an enemy when conditions change."

In the light of recent events, certain episodes of 1917 are revealing. On October 23 two party leaders opposed the decision of the Central Committee to accept Lenin's plan for an armed uprising. Lenin replied to their arguments at length. They were voted down. But they continued to agitate against the plan outside of party circles. One temporarily resigned from the Committee. After the coup they urged collaboration with other parties and, as to the future of the Soviets, expressed a pessimism that Lenin branded as "betrayal." On November 17 both of them resigned from the Central Committee. Lenin threatened them with expulsion from the party for violations of discipline. Their names were Zinoviev and Kamenev.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

The Craft of Painting

The Materials of the Artist and Their Use in Painting, by Max Doerner. Translated by Eugen Neuhaus. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 432 pages. $3.75.

MAX DOERNER, professor of Art at the Academy in Munich, has compiled after long research a veritable encyclopedia of the technique of painting. He is lavish with scientific information about the composition of pigments, about the grounds, the medium, the brushes artists work with and the methods of applying paint. His discussion of all these matters is clear, simple, useful; the chapters on pigments and the binding media of oil paintings, and his analysis of various methods of laying on paint, are really superb. But above all this, he preaches a sermon on the hopeless ignorance of present-day painters about their craft. He tells us how painters have abandoned the sound principles of craftsmanship, and have thereby put themselves at the mercy of the manufacturers of artists' materials; he tells how they carelessly use formulas about the chemical effects of which they know nothing and care even less—feeling that a thorough technical knowledge would cramp their personal style. He leaves us with the impression that most modern painters know as little about their medium as the average motorist knows about internal-combustion engines.

Professor Doerner believes that only a return to the principles of sound craftsmanship will lead us out of our present chaos. He also believes that the painter will never realize the nature and value of the materials he uses unless he learns how to make them himself; this course in the end is cheaper and better. Here, then, is an exhortation combined with an accurate guidebook. If you work on canvas, Professor Doerner will tell you which grade of fabric to use for your particular style. If you paint on wood panels, he will tell you what kind of tree to cut down and when (just before the sap begins to rise), how to dry the wood and select the proper grain. He appraises about a dozen different kinds of glues and chalks used in the preparation of grounds, and tells how to combine them in order to obtain the best results. Perhaps you won't be able to paint a picture as good as Van Eyck's after reading his chapter on "The Techniques of the Old Masters," but that won't be Professor Doerner's fault.

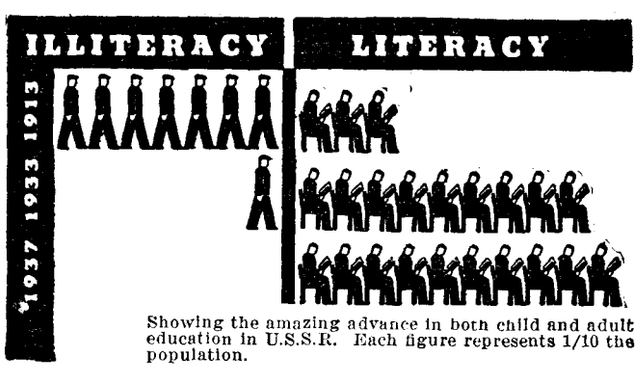
PETER BLUME.

Stover at the State Department

The American Diplomatic Game, by Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 398 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK tells about the big international matches played since 1928 by the old moss-covered school at Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street: the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the London naval conference, the world disarmament conference, the Hoover moratorium. Hank Stimson, captain of the Americans during most of this period, seems remarkably like the great T.A.D. Jones, except that Jones invariably won his games while Stimson usually lost them. In his heart, Jones believed that he and his teammates were cleaner men, with higher moral tastes, than the Harvards and Princetons, and that in this lay his and his teammates' strength. Stimson was similarly fortified by a conviction of the moral superiority of the Americans; but the Japanese, English, French, Germans, Italians and Russians proved tougher than the Harvards and Princetons.

The portrait of Stimson, filled in by a thousand amusing intimate touches is extraordinarily good. You see him as a shy, secretive, stubborn man, subject to frequent head colds, spanked by the Russians for his interference in the Chinese Eastern Railway crisis, outmaneuvered by the French in the London naval negotiations, insulted by the Japanese during the invasion of Manchuria, and made fun of by all nations at the Geneva disarmament proceedings. But like Jones, he was in fact ready to die for God, for country and for the non-recognition of territory acquired by aggression. And as, at the end of the book, you see him



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Parole of Adults from State Penal Institutions, by Clair Wilcox. *University of Pennsylvania;* **Is It God's Word? by Joseph Wheless.** *Knopf;* **Children in the Nursery School (several copies), by Harriet Johnson.** *Day;* **Hand-loom Weaving, by Luther Hooper.** *Macmillan;* **Literature and Revolution, by Leon Trotsky.** *International;* **Untimely Papers, by Randolph Bourne.** *Huebsch.*

still indomitably pursuing his little narrow, fantastic course, he attains the deep, sad dignity of the circus clown.

The present book turns the State Department inside out, much as Harold Nicolson has done with the British Foreign Office. You are immersed in the same undergraduate atmosphere, in which Brüning's Germany forms a customs union with Austria in the spirit that the editors of The Lampoon kidnap Dan, the Yale bulldog; and the French wreck the *Kreditanstalt* in the spirit of The Record's editors' stealing Lampy's ibis. But while the authors have had as close acquaintance with diplomacy and diplomats as Mr. Nicolson has had, they have the great advantage of not being old grads themselves; consequently they spend much less time on official—and largely meaningless—diplomatic dogma, and much more on the characters and motives of the men involved.

The book's anecdotes are endless. Among things I never knew till now are: that General Hans Kundt, Nazi commander of the Bolivian army in the Chaco, used to get $10,000 a week; that Ambassador Hugh Gibson, visiting Hoover on the Rapidan, triumphantly snared Toby, Peggy Ann Hoover's pet trout; that one of the secret-service men assigned to Hoover's Latin American good-will tour in 1928 had his pocket picked of $300 in Buenos Aires; that when, during the Hoover moratorium negotiations, a grandson was born to the German foreign minister, Curtius, Stimson was so delighted he gave the newly born infant a twenty-foot sailboat; that once when M. Claudel, the French Ambassador, mislaid the tunic of his uniform, and White House aides sought to delay a diplomatic reception, Hoover rapped out: "Not a minute for the frog."

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Gringa Sola

Fiesta in Mexico, by Erna Fergusson. Illustrated by Valentin Vidaurreta. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 275 pages. $3.

MISS FERGUSSON is a trained ethnologist, a fluent, charming writer, and a romantic girl traveling around alone *(gringa sola)* to Mexican fairs and fiestas. Her book, "Fiesta in Mexico," is a product of those three factors. It is observant, entertaining and pretty sentimental. Minimizing the social, political and economic power of the Catholic Church in Mexico—power used always for reactionary purposes—she deplores the limitations and restrictions put upon religious celebrations by Mexican government. Somewhat sadly she focuses her attention on the attractive picturesqueness of what is old, what is now disappearing and changing; but fortunately she does not carry that attitude to the absurd extremes of those who lament the industrialization of the country because it does away with the gaily primitive aspect of indigenous Mexico. (As if Mexicans were museum piece and not human beings as anxious as we are to live more easily and comfortably.) She pays very little attention, on the other hand, to the extremely interesting economic and social role of the *fiesta* pilgrimage-and-fair network. But she does not intend her book to be primarily scientific or socially interpretive; it is an amiable, readable description of Mexican folkways and Mexican popular theatres, the kind of thing John Reed first noted was "truly pre-Shakespearian." As an approach to that side of Mexico, and as a living piece of theatrical history, the book belongs in many specialized libraries, and many casual libraries, too.

ANITA BRENNER.

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Books in Brief

Modern Thought and Literature in France, by Régis Michaud. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 339 pages. $2.

THE French have a genius for panoramic histories of literature, and this work has the added advantage of being written by a man who handles the English language with skill. Its aim is more at bright criticism than at bald synopses of books, but one cannot question the author's mastery of the bewildering output of French literature since 1900, from Paul Bourget and the *roman psychologique* to Proust, and from dadaism and surrealism to Jules Romains and unanimism. According to Régis Michaud, France since 1900 has produced only two writers of the first rank (Proust and Gide), but a number on the second level (Romains, Duhamel, Rolland, Valéry, Morand, Claudel). He stresses not so much the quality of their literature as its variety and experimentalism. And on the whole, he is right. His preludes and postludes devoted to the intellectual movements of 1900 and of today are splendid; they compensate for his overemphasis on Bergson's importance and his apocalyptic attitude toward Proust. A. N.

Enjoying Pictures, by Clive Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 106 pages, illustrated. $3.

"Enjoying Pictures" is a series of meditations on an extremely miscellaneous lot of works of art that Clive Bell happened to like. If one notices what Mr. Bell says of painting and ignores what he says about himself, ignores alike the hypothetical "colonel" who does not understand Art, to whom his book is dedicated, and the equally hypothetical love affairs to which his enjoyment of painting is compared, one makes a curious discovery. To enjoy painting after the Bell manner, one must be so filled with information about pictures and artists that the mere sight of a painting causes an explosion of memory that obscures the paint in a fog of "passionate analysis." One must have a facility for metaphysical argument. Eyestrain is unnecessary if the tongue is untiring. One glimpse is enough. But one must scorn intellectual order in metaphysics. One's choice of ideas must be as whimsically illogical and irrelevant as the choice of pictures enjoyed. For reasons personal to himself, the content of some pictures makes him talk better than the content of other pictures. The reasons now appear to be literary and sentimental, not esthetic. "Enjoying Pictures" rather explodes the myth of "significant form" as the cause of Mr. Bell's emotions. G. C.

Another Caesar, by Alfred Neumann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

This novel tells the story of Napoleon III, an early French edition of the present-day Duce or Führer. The story begins one month after his conception, when his mother comes to Toulon with the resolve to entice her husband Louis, brother of Napoleon and King of the Netherlands, into her bed in order to provide a legitimate father for the prospective child. It ends with the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, whereby the nephew becomes the successor of his legal uncle. It is rich in character and in incident. It includes the young man's experiences in Italy as a *Carbonaro*, his ludicrous descents on Strasbourg and Boulogne, his six years in the fortress of Ham, his years in Switzerland and in London, and his presidency of the Second Republic. The social background of the great in-

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trigue by which the man, a nullity in himself, becomes the ruler of France, is indicated though not elaborated. Of all the numerous characters (mostly shady adventurers) who pass through the story, that of Josephine's daughter Hortense is perhaps the one most clearly realized.

H. S.

The End of a Childhood, by Henry Handel Richardson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

This book by the author of "Ultima Thule" is a collection of sketches and short stories, in which the characters are apparently intended to be typical of their age or category —the musician, the professor, the dying mother, the girl at her first dance. But the author writes so close to the situations that you get hardly more perspective on the problems involved than have the characters themselves. The result is sentimental journalese, at its worst in "Growing Pains: Sketches of Girlhood." A child is revolted by the bodies of elderly women bathing and decides that she will always be a little girl. A girl is rebuffed and discovers that she hates her former crush. A young lady on the way to spinsterhood confesses that she cannot love a fiancé approved by her mother. Katherine Mansfield might have made something of these impressions by sharpening the details; in a lesser feminine talent they become embarrassing. The stories dealing with adults are pleasanter, but they consist of lines of personality running an expected course. The author's plodding tempo is more noticeable here than in her longer works. Here also, through excess of novelist's conscience, she fails in the concentration necessary to a short story.

E. C.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, the London correspondent of The New Republic, is the author of numerous books, including "Property or Peace," published last fall by Covici-Friede.

Newton Arvin, assistant professor of English at Smith College, has just returned from a semester's leave of absence to complete a book. He is the author of a biography of Hawthorne and edited "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals."

Paul Crosser was formerly an economic expert attached to a division of the German government. He has contributed articles to German economic magazines.

Wallace Stevens is the author of "Harmonium," a book of verse.

B. H. Haggin, music critic of The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, lectures at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and contributes articles and musical commentaries to various publications.

T. S. Matthews is literary editor of Time magazine.

Frederick L. Schuman, assistant professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, is the author of "International Politics" and other books. He has recently completed a book on the Nazi dictatorship in Germany, to be published by Knopf in the spring.

Peter Blume, born in 1906, is the youngest American painter who has ever received a first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition. In 1932 he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for study in Italy.

Anita Brenner is the author of "Idols Behind Altars," a study of paganism and Catholicism in Mexico.

The initials signed to those of the brief reviews are those of Anthony Netboy, Grant Code, Herman Simpson and Eleanor Clark.

Ernest Sutherland Bates says: "**The New Road to Progress** is a revolutionary handbook . . . incomparably Dr. Schmalhausen's best work, full of suggestion, warning, inspiration, and the aesthetic delight that comes from words well uttered."

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